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New Republic

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IN THE BERLIN CITY HALL

By PERCY WINNER

HELEN DOUGLAS' CHANCES

FIRST OF A SERIES ON LIBERAL CANDIDATES

BUCHENWALD KIBBUTZ

By LAWRENCE LADER

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WE ARE in a position to say that Joe Martin and Joe Grundy called on Governor Dewey recently to ask assurances that he would accept drastic modifications in the Hull Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. Dewey turned them down. The Dewey row with the 81st Congress has started even before the election.

What makes this election ominous is the greater hand the House is taking in foreign policy through its purse-string control. You probably have forgotten about the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. Nobody's mentioned it publicly in this election yet. But it's vital in its own right, and symbolic of what is going on behind the scenes.

The GOP majority in the 80th Congress teeters toward isolationism every time Joe Stalin lets it. It voted to slash Marshall Plan aid 26 percent, but was blocked by the Senate and Truman. And last May, under Joe Martin, it wrote crippling amendments into its one-year extension of the Hull Act intended to make the Tariff Commission a watchdog of protectionism. Secretary Marshall on May 24 charged that the House had "destroyed" the substance of the act. He won a precarious, temporary victory on the Hull program, but it comes up again immediately.

The GOP record could not possibly be worse. The Hull Act was before Congress on five occasions prior to 1948, and with the single exception of the war year of 1943, the Republicans in both Senate and House voted against it, the majority being generally all but unanimous.

An ironic aspect of the election this year is that a "Dewey landslide" can mean a Dewey defeat. Running under the Dewey banner are die-hard Republicans who will fight him to the end on international affairs. Dewey looks almost liberal beside some of these GOP Neanderthalers whose emblem is not an elephant but a woolly mastodon. That Dewey will have to battle Congress, like every other President who tries to do things in Washington, is already quite certain. Dewey is so confident of victory he avoided the mistake in dealing with Martin-Grundy that Hoover fell into with Borah, of promising higher tariffs in advance. Hoover's pledge brought about the Smoot-Hawley tariff. But the forces of reaction in 1948 know exactly what they are after in this election.

On domestic issues Dewey may not even try to block reaction: tidelands oil will go to the states; anti-reclamation, anti-public-power bills won't have any little Truman to veto them; Knutson will be ready for a new tax slash; spokesmen for the power lobby are out to hamstring the TVA; the real-estate lobby is set to block public housing.

A strange phenomenon, the Hoover Commission, is making itself felt in Washington. Financed by $2 million from Congress, it is preparing blueprints for reorganizing federal agencies in the interests of "efficiency." This sounds jolly, and plans to reorganize the federal government are put forth regularly nearly every other year. But it is just beginning to be understood here that the new Hoover study is going into policies as well as organization.

Good old Herbert hasn't named a single representative of labor on his show. The rail unions are suddenly shocked to discover that the project director of the public welfare-social security studies is Dr. Lewis Meriam of the conservative Brookings Institution. Meriam looks askance at all this new-fangled social-welfare legislation and has gone to bat in the past against rail-

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retirement systems and "socialized medicine."

Some members of the Hoover Commission, according to the magazine *Business Week*, are worried over what to do with the emasculated Department of Labor. "Abolish it" is the recommendation of some experts, though this is too much even for Mr. Hoover. On the other hand, some of the Hoover men are asking curiously why the government should go on paying subsidies to the silver states. It looks as though our Herbert had picked himself a lively animal to ride, and we await further developments with interest.

The world miasma grows thicker. Truman, Marshall, Dewey, Vandenberg and Dulles are in close consultation on the mounting Berlin crisis. There is no real difference between them. Their joint view is that once having embarked on four-power negotiations on the Berlin blockade and currency, Moscow is now trying to break them up. Its object: to force the Western powers from Berlin. The joint US view is that American policy must preclude appeasement and that nothing short of Russian troops can get the US out. Soviet hopes of a Communist Germany look darker. On the other hand, there's increasing temptation for Americans to woo Germans, Hitlerites or not.

Notes. Mrs. Roosevelt is going to Europe for the UN without campaigning for the Administration; however, she's endorsing special liberals: Chet Bowles for Governor of Connecticut; Humphrey against Ball in Minnesota; the Douglas-Stevenson ticket in Illinois; Holifield and Helen Douglas in California. Many of these will have to face Progressive Party opposition. . . . The wacky American electoral system is shown up when Truman's slate is barred in Louisiana; maybe Democrats now will sympathize more with Wallaceites barred in Illinois, Indiana, etc. . . . Those who see "Professor" Stassen these days feel he is still running for President—in 1956.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

THE WEEK

Cold War on the Waterfront

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

THE VERY QUIET along the Embarcadero tells San Franciscans that there is trouble. Usually, big Diesel rigs pulling trailers roar along the four-lane street of the waterfront. Underslung drays loaded with boxes, and a conglomeration of other trucks are lined up by warehouses waiting their turn to serve the ships. Finger lifts and other types of mechanical cargo movers dart in and out through the busy scene. But now the Embarcadero is almost empty.

This does not seem like a typical San Francisco strike. There are no pickets, just a few men in white caps standing at the doors of closed piers. There are no extra police, no knots of excited men.

San Franciscans, in fact, scarcely realize a real strike is on. A week ago it looked as though both sides were moving toward a settlement. The shipowners and waterfront employers seemed to be making concessions. Then suddenly everything broke down. When the unions refused the "final offer" of the employers, the latter were left in the position of a man who sticks out his hand for a handshake and finds it dangling in the air. Embarrassed, the employers brought up an issue not new to West Coast labor relations—that of Red infiltration in the unions. Though it had not been mentioned before in negotiations, the employers suddenly fell back on the Taft-Hartley requirement that union leaders sign non-Communist affidavits. Until waterfront-union leaders have complied, they said, the shipowners and waterfront employers will not negotiate with the unions in any way.

Union men meanwhile were moving from their stop-work period before the strike deadline into a formal strike that has shut down the Pacific Coast from Puget Sound to Mexico. Some 160 ships are frozen in port, 40 of them in San Francisco. More than 30,000 union men are affected.

San Franciscans have been puzzled about why the employers suddenly injected the Red issue. It doesn't seem likely that the Pacific American Shipowners' Association and the Waterfront Employers' Association are merely trying to take advantage of the current nationwide Red hysteria. They have dealt too long with the maritime unions to believe that would do them much good. And they know that the workers are following Harry Bridges and their other leaders not because they have become infected by a Red virus but because these leaders have fought consistently for the best interests of the rank and file. The situation is similar to that of the coal miners following John L. Lewis even when he is reviled by most of the nation.

FRASCONI

It seems more likely that the T-H affidavit issue was brought up for tactical reasons. Both the unions and the employers, no matter what they say in print, know this is an economic battle for dollars and cents rather than a clash of ideologies. The "final offer" was for a 10-cent-an-hour raise and maintenance of the present hiring halls until their legality has been determined by the courts.

In announcing their new policy of refusing to negotiate until affidavits are signed, a joint employer statement said: "Fourteen years of strikes, disruption and chaos in the maritime industry on this Coast, caused directly by union leadership following the Communist Party line, has culminated in the strike announced by Harry Bridges."

The union's reply was made by ILWU Vice-President Germain Bulcke, who said: "The shipowners have long dreamed of a return to the company unionism they enjoyed prior to 1934. Year after year they have sought to turn the clock backwards and return the men to miserable conditions and slave wages. The present anti-Communist drive and campaign of vilification and slander against the union is nothing more than a smokescreen to mislead the public and cover their profit-greedy aims."

There is a curious feeling of unreality about this strike, even though Bridges has said it probably will go on from three to six months. To San Franciscans it looks like a war of nerves. In such an atmosphere many rumors arise. One is that neither labor nor employers in general think it will

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be a long, devastating strike because the issues are not basic enough. Some insiders say that both Bridges and Frank Foisie of the employers are in need of some camouflage, Bridges to quiet the feeling of some of his supporters that the issues are too soft for a big strike, and Foisie to unify the employers' groups, who are reported to have a three-way split in their ranks.

One report says that many of the employers favored more concessions to prevent a strike and that injection of the Red issue was a surprise to them, too.

Just in case there is truth to reports of disunity among the ranks of the employers, an ILWU spokesman has announced that the unions will deal separately with any employer who wants to resume negotiations. Previously the unions have dealt with only two employer groups, the Waterfront Employers' Association and the Pacific American Shipowners' Association. At the same time, the ILWU said the unions would stick together in the strike, not resuming work until all of the unions have reached agreement.

The public, somewhat confused about the dock strike, is really alarmed over the oil strike which is also harassing the West Coast. The strike started September 3 at nine refineries when the companies turned down a union demand for a 21-cent-an-hour raise. The companies offered 12.5 cents. Both sides have used full-page ads and the rest of the publicity devices. This kind of strike is easier for people to get interested in because they fear that gasoline may be rationed. Not much progress has been made in settling this one either.

CAMPAIGN STRATEGY

Tom Dewey wants to play the Roosevelt part in this campaign and let Harry Truman be the Dewey of 1944. Dewey plans to restrict his utterances to matters of only the greatest moment. The piddling job of replying to charges made by the Democrats and of attacking every detail of the Administration's record he will leave to the lesser fry in his camp—Stassen, Wherry, Lodge, etc. The Dewey speeches for his coming Western trip are being fashioned with this lofty attitude. The voters can be prepared for messages that sound as though they are coming straight from Olympus.

Harry Truman's program is more humble. The President is dead set on going through with a crossroads tour, talking about all the subjects that interest ordinary people. Presidential Counsel Clark Clifford, now firmly entrenched as Truman's No. 1 adviser, put his foot down on plans for a 42-day trip the Democratic National Committee had arranged and has persuaded the President that it would be bad public relations to stay away from his White House desk more than two weeks at a time.

The first two-week swing, beginning September 18, will take Truman back to the West Coast again and down through the Southwest as far as Texas on the return. California Democratic leaders long ago gave up hope of carrying their state for Truman this year, but the President won't accept their view on the matter. Democratic Chairman Howard McGrath and the top party strategists have about decided that the barnstorming tour through the South they had planned for Truman is too risky. Chances are that the dip into Texas, Oklahoma and part of Arkansas, on the way back from California, is as far South as the Democratic candidate can get this year (except, of course, for a flying trip to address the American Legion in Miami).

Truman will have little help in carrying the burden of the Democrats' campaign. Senator Barkley will get off to a late start when he returns from a jaunt to attend an Interparliamentary Union meeting in Rome. Attorney General Tom Clark and the new Secretaries of Commerce and Labor, Charles Sawyer and Maurice Tobin, are taking on heavy speaking schedules, but few of the other cabinet members are expected to do very much work for the ticket. Interior Secretary Krug has agreed to make some speeches, but most of them will be "non-political." Truman's old pal and Secretary of the Treasury, John Snyder, refuses to do any party work. And Secretaries Marshall and Forrestal have made it clear that they consider themselves above politics.

CIO President Philip Murray is one vigorous stumper Truman can count on in the six weeks that are left before election, but the Democrats clearly have far more urgent campaigning to be done than they have campaigners to do it.

BALL ON THE SPOT

MINNEAPOLIS (NR correspondent)

Alarmed by polls showing Democratic Mayor Hubert Humphrey way out ahead of Senator Joseph H. Ball, the Republicans are wheeling up their national big guns to try to save Ball's Senate seat for him.

Both Dewey and Warren are booked for Twin Cities appearances in October. In addition, Senators Arthur Vandenberg and Henry Cabot Lodge are coming out to see what they can do. Harold Stassen, who waited until the last moment to endorse the man he first appointed to the Senate, is being urged to double the speaking engagements on his calendar. And finally Senator Chan Gurney, from neighboring South Dakota, has been called in to help in the Southwestern rural areas where he is well known.

The scare resulted from the poll published by the Minneapolis Sunday *Tribune* which gave Humphrey 49 percent of the votes to 39 percent for Ball, a sharp increase for Humphrey over previous polls. Ball has started using a plane to get around the state quicker and is beating the bushes for votes. Humphrey, too, is making a whirlwind effort to hold his lead.

One of the most surprising results of the *Tribune* poll was the poor showing made by Elmer Benson, National Chairman of the Progressive Party, who is expected to run for the Senate. Benson got only three percent, which would bring him only 30,000 votes if one million are cast in the

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state, as expected. The loss of 30,000 votes would have little effect on the tough Humphrey-Ball fight.

WALLACE AND THE UE

The decline of Wallace strength among union members was demonstrated when the annual convention of the CIO's biggest left-wing affiliate, the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, tabled a resolution to endorse Wallace's presidential candidacy. Albert Fitzgerald, UE president since 1941 and labor chairman of the Progressive Party forces, was reëlected to his union job by a five-to-one margin, but Fitzgerald himself admitted that an attempt to commit the whole union to the Wallace ticket would have split the organization wide open.

The UE is already hard-pressed by raids on its membership and locals by other unions in non-Communist "good standing" under the Taft-Hartley Act. Ironically, however, the defection of right-wing locals has probably hurt the UE's principal anti-Communist spokesman, CIO Secretary James B. Carey, more than it has damaged the left-wing leadership. Every local which pulls out to affiliate with the United Automobile Workers means a loss in Carey's potential strength.

Carey was censured at the convention because of his congressional-committee testimony branding the UE, under its present leadership, a spokesman for Soviet policy. Carey tried to avoid appearing before the committee, and when he was subpoenaed he could scarcely evade questions about his well-known views on the leadership of Fitzgerald, Secretary Julius Emspak and Organization Director James J. Matles. But no union likes its internal political fights to be ventilated before hostile congressional committees.

The closest vote of the convention followed a hot debate on a resolution condemning the armed-services draft, which was approved by only a five-to-three margin. Objective observers guess that, had the Wallace endorsement been put to a vote, the division would have been even narrower. In a policy shift which followed the UE's disastrous wartime plunge into "incentive production" plans—now denounced as "speed up" devices—the convention decided to try to knock out all contract provisions providing employer-employee coöperation on production efficiency. Philip Murray, CIO president, who did not address this year's convention, opposed the incentive-production plans even during the war.

MONOPOLY AND SECURITY

DENVER (NR correspondent)

For the first time, the US has had to recast an anti-trust action for fear of infringing on atomic-security regulations.

The case is that brought in June, 1946, against Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, US Vanadium Company of America, and others engaged in mining and processing vanadium ores, together with several officials. Criminal indictments charged in effect that the defendants used war powers conferred upon them as agents of the government to purchase vanadium ores, to institute a worldwide monopoly of the alloying metal and to fix prices.

The Department of Justice has been trying to get the Atomic Energy Commission to say what evidence would be usable without violating security, since the ores concerned are carnotites, complexes which contain vanadium, uranium and radium.

Now the Anti-Trust Division has got a court to dismiss the indictment and to bring an information instead against five of the companies, leaving out the individuals. The information charges monopoly and price fixing on vanadium and its products and the fixing of prices for vanadium ores, but not the monopolization of the *supply* of the latter. To have done so would have required bringing out in open court the secret production figures.

The companies declare they cannot get a fair trial without being able to show that they acted in complete concert and coöperation with the Manhattan District. The case raises the ticklish problem of how disputes involving national secrets ever can be adjudicated without secret court proceedings.

THE FREEDOM TRAIN

CLEVELAND (NR correspondeent)

After a year of transcontinental touring, the Freedom Train finally has reached Ohio, where its magnetism is astounding and impressing everyone. As the train and its display of historic documents moves from one industrial city to another, the crowds stand for hours in stifling heat, in rain and in sun for just a brief glimpse of its contents. The crowds are so dense that thousands are turned away.

In Cleveland more than 20,000 turned out during the first day of a two-day stop, though only 10,000 can go through in a single day. By mid-afternoon more than 5,000 were still queued up patiently. Other thousands were arriving every hour, so Marine guards closed the line, warning those near its end that they had a wait of at least four hours. Few went home.

A crowd of equal size, patience and determination turned out the second day, among them at least 1,000, by police census, who had tried unsuccessfully to see the train the day before.

The reward for the lucky 20,000 able to board the train was a brief exposure, not more than seven minutes, to a group of historic documents that have been, for the most part, on public view in other places for generations. There was no time to stop and read them because of the pressure of the crowds still waiting and the quiet urging of Marine guards. Still they came by tens of thousands in Akron, in Toledo, in Columbus, in Sandusky.

Officials who have watched similar crowds throughout the country cannot explain the public's interest. They can only conjecture that in these uncertain times Americans hunger for tangible evidence of American freedom and that the Freedom Train is filling that want.

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THE STADTHAUS SIEGE

Percy Winner, New Republic senior editor, veteran foreign correspondent and propaganda officer for SHAEF in World War II, was assigned to cover events in Berlin while doing a series of articles on Europe for this magazine. The following article describes his experiences as one of the three American journalists who penetrated inside the Berlin City Hall while the Communists were besieging and invading it on Labor Day.

by Percy Winner

BERLIN

TO THE EYES ALONE, the start of the "spontaneous demonstration" was a Labor Day farce, but contained in the ugly mood of the participants and in the shocking lack of preparations of the Social Democrats was the menace of a large-scale tragedy similar to performances I had witnessed in Mussolini's Rome in the twenties and in Hitler's Berlin in the thirties.

A crowd of perhaps a thousand was milling in the street in front of the main entrance of the Stadthaus at 11 a. m. when I, with *Time* magazine's Emmett Hughes, whom I had seen last in Franco's Spain in 1944, maneuvered through the triple cordon of the Eastern Sector uniformed police and swarms of plug-ugly plainclothesmen, and entered the back door. We raced down a long corridor sparsely peopled with worried-looking "defenders" keeping as far as possible from the scene of possible trouble, and reached the high-ceilinged, large entrance foyer where the mobsters already had easily forced the iron grill at the edge of the pavement. Six men were inside the locked double door, two of them holding the knob, the others staring helplessly at the glass panes in the door. Not a single wooden slat had been placed across the glass and none of the heavy furniture abounding in nearby offices had been piled to make a barricade, despite previous promises of the Social Democrats for careful and adequate preparations.

From where I stood, directly behind the insiders, I saw a burly, blond, shirtsleeved youth in his late teens leading the front file of outsiders pressing their shoulders against the woodwork. The youth turned sideways and kicked out one of the lowest glass panes with his heel, whereupon two defenders, with others in the foyer, scurried toward the shelter of the steps of the staircase leading to the second floor. Four other defenders held. When the youth, with his elbow, broke a chest-high panel, one other defender retreated, but those remaining could easily have battered the head of the incoming youth as he leisurely climbed through the upper pane. The three other attackers climbed in and opened the door. The mob, shouting and singing, began to pour through the corridors and was joined by groups who had entered through other doors and windows.

Running ahead of them, I was just inside the doorway of the Assembly Chamber, at the far end of the third floor, when it was invaded. It looked bad for a while when the wild-eyed mobsters, filling the chamber, tried to capture the German employees of the US propaganda agency. Packed in the back of the chamber and balcony, people were screaming routine Communist-line speeches above the din. In the front of the chamber the leaders of the Communist-dominated Socialist Unity Party stood in a group waiting to take over, while alone on a bench above the rostrum reserved for Allied liaison officers sat two uniformed Russians, one short, blond and fat, the other tall, shave-pated and dark—both young and both utterly deadpan.

After half an hour of the wildest confusion, one man on the balcony shouted for order; another man mounted the rostrum and told the crowd to leave the chamber and wait in the corridors to see whether the City Council granted the demanded program for winter help. Immediately a dozen mobsters parrotted his words, and the unruly crowd became a disciplined troop, walking out as meek as lambs. Exit from and reentry to the chamber happened three times in about three hours, then the session was called off, the mobsters trooping away, singing the "Internationale." It was all silly, but it didn't seem that way to anyone caught in the mob and unable to move.

Early in the afternoon the Eastern Sector police, learning that some forty Western Sector police were hiding in offices belonging to the Allied liaison officers, heavily cordoned all entrances, preventing exit except to authorized persons. With a group of US newsmen I sat in a room with one of these Western police, a pasty-faced picture of terror, to whom we gave US cigarettes and K rations, which he ate with the utmost relish despite his fear.

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Then I participated in a cloak-and-dagger maneuver whereby the policeman successfully led us to safety—the details had best be left in silence. All afternoon we US newsmen formed posses to conduct to safety individuals and groups of Western Germans who were in particular danger, but except for the beating up of Ernest Leiser, of the Overseas News Agency, there was no trouble, which does not mean that the experience helped our nerves or lowered our blood pressure.

After dark, the siege of the trapped police got more grim; by then the building, inside and out, was swarming with murderous-looking armed men, and a few score feet from the Stadthaus the Russians were patrolling with tommy guns.

But the prize experience for your peace-loving correspondent occurred Tuesday night when, with Ed Morrow of the New York *Times* and Dick Stokes of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* fortified at the bar of the US Press Club and equipped with neat packages of sandwiches, he raced through the twilight streets of the ruined city seeking to arrive in time to watch the expected strong-arm raid. At the main door of the Stadthaus we were told that no one was permitted to enter because this was too dangerous an area for Americans. Morrow talked in German and I in loud English about our rights, and as we talked we edged up the steps through the broken-glassed door well into the foyer, taking deep breaths and praying between our bursts of talk and the policemen's angry protests. (Morrow, by the way, is a fine guy to have around on such occasions; he combines impressive shoulders and the obvious willingness to use them with the kind of tact and intelligence needed to confront men living by and through fear.)

When it was touch and go whether there would be manhandling, a French officer ran downstairs from the second floor and went out the door, I after him, talking French. Though the police didn't know what he said—he promised to inform our military men upstairs of our successful raiding entry, one of only two made during the evening—they were impressed enough to allow us to remain in a corner of the foyer, where we ostentatiously maintained an air of nonchalance, Ed reading a pocket edition of *Billy the Kid* and Dick and I the Sunday *Times.*

From our ringside seats we watched the entrance of squads of police, including officers wearing boots and double-breasted, low-cut uniform coats precisely like Hitler's Storm Troopers; we saw one Western Sector policeman, much battered, forced downstairs, taken outside and then brought back in a friendly manner, suggesting that the mildest torture nowadays brings big results; we observed without amusement the half-arrogant, half-frightened tactics and manners of the guardians of Red law and order.

At 8:30 the British liaison Chief, Colonel Henry Whitfoord, was refused entrance, and we, surrounded, were asked to leave. We didn't. They debated. Ed said in English to Dick and me, "Are you game for a fight?" We said, "Yes." They left us alone.

After nine a short, slight French officer appeared at the door. Two policemen inside and two outside refused him entry, whereupon little Captain Victor Siegelmayer, an Alsatian who knows Nazis, literally catapulted himself through a hole in the door, kicking one policeman in the belly and punching another in the face. It was a magnificent performance which we cheered silently. The captain, who was the French liaison officer, was, however, unable to get through the squad of sixteen men barring the corridor leading to the office, and was forced to remain in the porter's lodge. At 9:30, after Colonel Whitfoord had been turned back for the second time, the leader of the criminal police squad, announcing that not even a general would be permitted to come in, approached us and said this time we had to go or be ejected. We consulted. Then Morrow said, "We have US passports permitting us on German soil. Isn't the Stadthaus German soil? We will go only when the Western Sector Allied officers go."

Policemen closed in around us, but their leader dashed upstairs to report the dilemma and we joined Captain Siegelmayer in the porter's lodge, where we maintained contact by telephone with the officers upstairs and the outside world. We were left alone with two aged doormen with whom we shared our sandwiches. At one o'clock Ed had to get back to write his story, so we announced our willingness to leave. A whole mob of policemen escorted us to the door, delighted to get rid of us. Joining a crowd of other US newsmen who had been held outside, we formed a convoy of cars led by two jeeps, passing groups of Russians waiting in the shadows for the end of the "Hunger Blockade" which was intended to starve out the seven Americans and force them to stop protecting the trapped Germans.

It is not permitted to traverse the Soviet Sector of Berlin after 11 p. m., and we were vaguely uncomfortable, since the German police are one thing and Red soldiers quite another. Ed, Dick and I grunted in a spontaneous chorus when a few hundred yards from the Stadthaus we saw ahead an automobile containing a British newsman who had been stopped by a Soviet guardsman holding a red flag in one hand and a gun in the other. Fortunately the Russian was on the far side of the car, so the jeeps sped up past them, we following at top speed.

At four o'clock in the morning we learned that Soviet General Alexander G. Kotikov had given French General Jean Gavelin a safe-conduct for the release of all persons in the Stadthaus who had tried in vain to get from the Soviet Sector. But, fortunately perhaps, we were not present when at 5:20 a French truck containing German Western police was stopped and the Germans were removed. The double-cross was remarkably callous, even for the "New Order."

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HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS

This week's article on Helen Gahagan Douglas is the first of a special series on the crucial battles of the 1948 campaign. If NR readers wish to help Mrs. Douglas' campaign, we shall gladly forward their contributions. – The Editors

HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS, the most courageous fighter for liberalism in Congress, is embattled in one of her hardest campaigns. Two candidates for California's 14th Congressional District, a richly financed Republican and a strongly backed Independent Progressive, are determined to see her beaten.

They have no easy task. When Helen Douglas speaks, she fires the coldest audience with the intensity of her emotion. She herself seems to be on fire with a passionate concern for the exploited and a burning hatred of intolerance and injustice.

Her district is a cross-cut of America. The Mexican population is its largest single element. Its Negro community is the largest west of Chicago. It has Polish and Russian Jews, Italians, French, Chinese and Japanese. It contains great estates around Lafayette Park, private parks like St. James, where a key is necessary to enter, the Jonathan Club, and the Los Angeles *Times*. And it contains "skid row," with its grog shops, flophouses and salvation missions. There are fertilizer factories, railroad yards and some of the worst slums on the Coast. There are even enough retired Middle Westerners to constitute a "farm vote."

One who fights for liberalism in such a district makes many enemies. The wealthy call her a traitor to her class. "Jeffersonian Democrats" spread lies about Mrs. Douglas of the same sort as were used against Franklin Roosevelt. To Communists she is a social fascist, to be destroyed for leading in the congressional struggle to pass the Marshall Plan. The Daughters of the Confederacy call her a "nigger lover" because of her aggressive defense of Negro soldiers during the war.

DRAWING BY KELEN

The Independent Progressive Party in Mrs. Douglas' district is Communist-controlled. Philip Connelly, leader of the left wing in the CIO, declared that the CIO would endorse Mrs. Douglas "over my dead body." ("Lie down!" a CIO member cried.) At the height of the 80th Congress the Independent Progressive Party's executive committee called on her to return and show why she deserved support. She stayed in Washington, and refused to file on the IPP ticket. The Independent Progressives nominated Sidney Moore, an organizer for the United Public Workers of America. National Progressive leaders, headed by Wallace, have toured the district for Moore, and Wallace will campaign for him again in early October.

California Republicans put the defeat of Helen Douglas second only to carrying the state for Dewey and Warren. Solid behind them are the oil operators, aroused by Mrs. Douglas' lonely battle against the tidelands-oil grab, and the big landowners of the San Joaquin Valley, against whom she has stood firmly for the 160-acre limitation for homesteads in the Central Valley Project. Now Republican funds are pouring into the 14th District and paid Republican precinct workers are visiting every home.

In contrast, Mrs. Douglas has no paid precinct workers, and her funds are meager.

In a moving tribute to Mrs. Douglas in the closing days of the 80th Congress, Chet Holifield spoke of the superlative qualities of "California's national figure." In sections of her own district, she is less well known. The 14th District has doubled its population. Its newcomers are unacquainted with her record. She won by only 9,000 votes in 1946. This year, with Earl Warren on the Republican national ticket, her task is harder. A large Wallace vote can lead to Mrs. Douglas' defeat.

Of all the crucial battles in this campaign, the fight here is closest to the hearts of liberals.

When the May-Johnson bill, giving control of atomic energy to the military, was secretly making its way, without title or number, through the Military Affairs Committee, Mrs. Douglas exposed it on the floor.

On civil rights Mrs. Douglas introduced legislation to implement the President's program and to abolish discrimination under the present draft law. She wrote and introduced the first bill protecting the rights of citizens before congressional committees.

As a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee her work for the United Nations led to her appointment as alternate delegate to the first General Assembly of the UN in America. She led in the defeat of amendments that would have wrecked the Marshall Plan, and she was the first Representative to criticize the Administration's sudden reversal on enforcing the partition of Palestine.

On "housing, rent control and the cost of living," Chet Holifield told the House, "she is inevitably identified with the nation's mind and heart."

"The final test," wrote Mr. Justice Holmes, "is battle in some form. It is one thing to utter a happy phrase from a protected cloister; another to think under fire—to think for action upon which great interests depend." On all counts, those of us who watch political battles from our cloisters owe our thanks and should give our support to Helen Douglas.

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HIGH FLOOR UNDER PRICES

High profits, government price supports and numerous distributive charges will maintain food prices despite bumper crops

by Harold Wolff

THE MAN was talking on the subject of food prices. "They'll dump the stuff in the ocean, like they used to do with coffee," he opined owlishly. When that got no response, he retreated a little: "Well, you saw that last week the government told farmers to cut down their wheat production next year." And then, like a man cross-examining himself, Mr. A turned his back on the patrons of his luncheonette and, flipping an egg over in the pan, asked out loud: "Even if farmers reduced prices, who says I'm gonna reduce mine?"

Mr. A is no economist. He isn't even much of a businessman, in the institutional sense of the word. But his mental meanderings over the face of the food-price problem make at least as much sense as most of what is being said on that subject these days. The cheery notion that this year's robust crop will immediately break the back of our inflation ignores—maybe wishfully—many things that point in the other direction.

A good place to start is the world food picture. It's better than last year, but still not good, even by prewar standards. Look at the much headlined Western European crop increase. The food-grain supply this year promised to run about 10 percent below the prewar average. And that will have to feed 13 million more people than before the war. But since these estimates, the worst summer storms Europe has seen in many years blighted the crop of every country north of the Alps. Worst hit of all was England, where cold, rain and wind have dashed all hopes of the bumper crop forecast as recently as August 1. There is danger everywhere that the crops have been so beaten down that some of them cannot be harvested at all, while getting others in may be so delayed that they will overripen. Only a sudden and sustained improvement can save the British from almost as low a yield as last year.

In France, the grain harvest was already safe from harm when the weather hit, but potato crops, and vines, were seriously damaged. Belgium suffered heavy losses to her wheat and potatoes, and her hay crop was virtually ruined.

Eastern Europe, which traditionally made up some of the deficit of the West, is having a relatively good year, though rain and cold cut into the Polish and Russian crops somewhat. But political uncertainties make it doubtful that much of this food will offset Western European deficiencies.

In the Far East the wheat supply in India and China is up slightly from last year. Rice, the staple food of half the world's population, will be two or three percent more plentiful in the major rice-exporting countries—not enough to make much difference and still 300 million bushels off from the prewar average. Whereas these surplus areas used to export 8.7 million tons a year before the war, only 4.1 million tons will be traded this year, and only 2.5 million will come from Eastern producers. The only good news is that in the major deficit countries the home-consumed rice supply will be greater and fewer people will die of starvation.

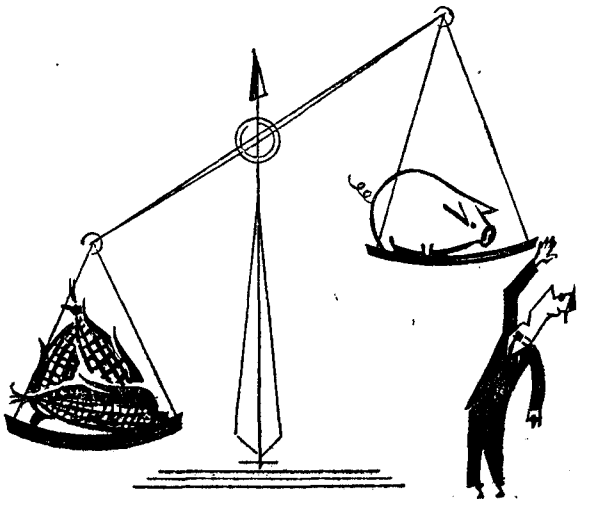
What all this adds up to is that the world is still going to be a very hungry place to live in and a ready market for US crops—that is, if anyone has the dollars with which to buy them. And to the extent that ECA provides the dollars, there will be a market for all the food we can or will sell.

To satisfy our own demand and ship abroad what our conscience dictates, what kind of food supply will we have? Despite all the whooping and hollering about our bountiful harvest, *food crops* in 1948 will be slightly down from 1947. The worst deficits are in meat and poultry, which are off about 10 percent. Wheat and other food grains are also off by 10 percent. Fruits, vegetables and dairy products are off from one to three percent.

The effect of all this on the prices you will pay for food is necessarily tied with the question of government supports. Of the pros and cons of this program, more later. In any case, by a non-partisan vote Congress has continued the 90-percent-parity plan for another year.

The only major food product that will be in plentiful supply is wheat, and farmers and dealers are doing everything they can to keep it from flooding the market. Storage facilities are being built, and for lack of space to house any more grain, prices in some instances have already dropped below the floor guaranteed by the government.

Increased ECA pledges will take some of the supply off the market. But it looks as if wheat will settle



BUMPER CROP MEANS HIGH MEAT PRICES

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down to the support price this fall.

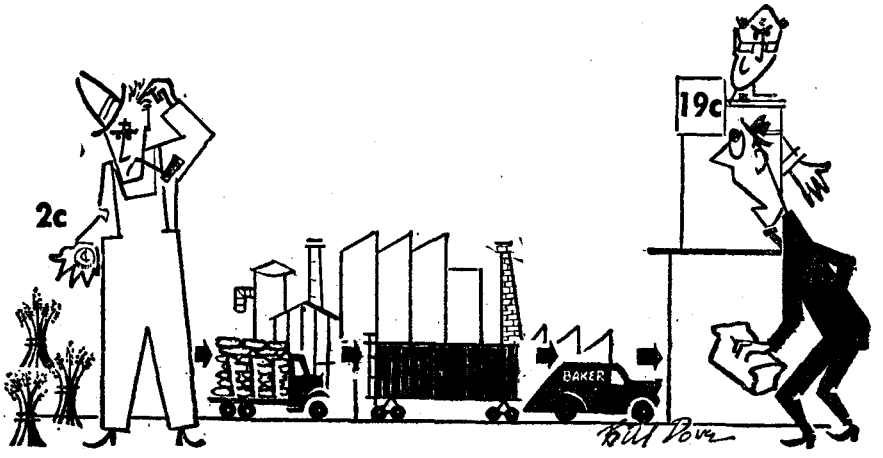
Corn, also plentiful, gets to market by circuitous routes, and has a perverse economics. Remember that when the corn crop was low a year ago, the first effect was to *lower* meat prices. Fearful of higher feed costs, farmers rushed their animals to market, pushing prices down. Conversely, the prospects of cheaper feed will encourage the building up of herds both for breeding purposes and for fattening. The first effect of the increased corn crop will be to cut down the supply of pork. The spring pig crop, which is marketed during the late fall and winter months, was three percent lower this year than last. With prospects of cheaper corn, farmers will feed their stock longer, and thus delay bringing them to market. Some will be fattened for slaughter. But farmers with a longer view may keep more of their calves to mature into milk cows. In two or three years, this may mean an increased milk supply. At the moment, though, it promises less meat during the fall and winter months. Only toward the end of 1949 will livestock be up and prices down.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the farm price of food does go down. What will that mean to you? Bread is selling in New York City today for 19 cents. The farmer who grew the wheat that went into that bread gets a little over two cents. In general you can figure that 13 percent of the cost of bakery products goes into the raw material. However, though the price of wheat has dropped from $3.06 to $2.15 per bushel in the last six months, the price of bread has continued to rise. The drop in the wheat price could have meant a one-half-cent decrease per loaf, but other costs and the desire to maintain profits keep the price up.

The same thing is true of canned goods. Last spring the price that Florida canners paid for oranges dropped so low that hundreds of acres of the fruit were left on the trees. The price offered was not enough to pay for the cost of getting the oranges to the canneries. Yet the canners raised the price of their orange juice.

This year the canners have ordained that the price of the 1948 pack will be an average of 10 percent more than that of the canned goods on your store shelves today. The canners' excuse is that they had to pay more for their vegetables this summer. For example, they paid $6 a ton more for corn. This will increase the cost of a can of corn about two percent, which is their justification for pyramiding the 10-percent increase. The canners' defense of their price hike is that canned goods are still cheaper than other food products.

From the wholesale price of the processor or broker to the retail price you pay in the grocery store there is again many a slip 'twixt lower costs and lower prices. Theoretical economics would argue that under perfect competition any decrease in the wholesale price should be passed on to consumers. Actually, it works out more or less that way for fresh fruits and vegetables, and possibly eggs. But most foods today are processed and branded, and are only competitive in the narrowest sense of the word.



For example, recent investigations in New York City and St. Louis revealed that some retailers have been getting a nine-percent discount on milk. This should have enabled them —if competition worked as well in practice as it does in propaganda—to sell milk a cent lower than their less favored rivals. Instead, they charged the going price and pocketed the difference. The same principle is likely to operate all along the line for one very relevant reason. Food distributors and retailers operate on a notoriously slim margin. In the case of the A & P, it is 1.6 cents per dollar of sales. Food distributors have made it clear that they do not regard a couple of cents on the sales dollar an adequate profit, since their return to their stockholders is noticeably less attractive than that of other investments in the current market.

During this past year these food-distributing organizations have had a choice between cutting food prices to their customers or raising their profits. Without exception, the price line has been held or increased, and the profit margin widened. There is not a food distributor whose reports do not indicate a better profit per dollar of sales now than last year. The most recent, and quite typical, is the report of Best Foods, Inc., whose annual statement for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1948, showed a per-share profit of $6.36, compared with $3.52 a year ago and $2.06 in 1946. Standard Brands, another large distributor, showed an increase of 36 percent in its earnings for the first half of 1948 as compared to the same period in 1947.

This is not a matter of "right" or "wrong." It is one of the facts of business life that helps to explain why, though the BLS index of the farm price of foods has dropped almost 30 points since a year ago, the retail price of food, as measured by the Department of Agriculture's estimate of the purchases of a family of three, has

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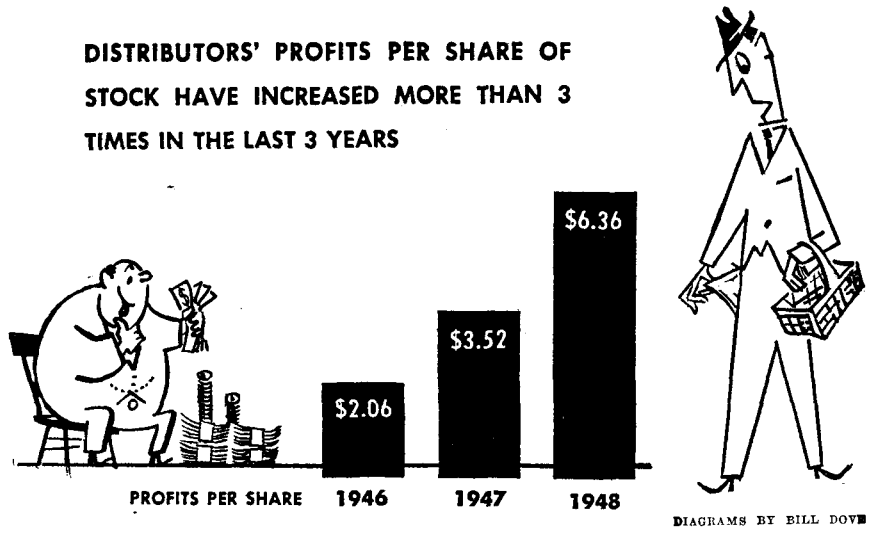
risen almost 10 percent in the face of the price drop.

This look-see at the mechanism of food pricing also exposes the fallacy of trying to predict our food future from the experience of 1920 and 1929. In both those years of sharp decline in food prices, there was an industrial panic accompanied by unemployment and a sharp drop in national income. Food was dumped on the market with no takers; naturally the price collapsed. But this year, any decline in farm prices of food will still leave the wholesaler and retailer with a consuming public whose dollar income is high and still rising. Food has first call on the pay envelope, and, as evidenced by the per-capita consumption figures of high-priced items like meat, consumers are eating better than they did when prices were lower. There is little reason to believe that by lowering prices total food consumption would be increased. So this time, as farm prices fall, there is a minimum of pressure on the food industry to cut its prices.

Looking ahead to our food future, most of the discussion will revolve around the question of the government-support program. The fact that the government has spent $170 million to support the price of potatoes has been an economic *cause célèbre* and a political talking point against a farm policy that has had at least as much Republican as Democratic backing. With wheat and corn in somewhat the same position as potatoes, it is time somebody plumbed the support-price situation.

During the war, support prices were introduced in order to persuade farmers to expand their acreage without fear of a postwar collapse of their price level. If there is anything that has been inscribed deeply in the credo of the US farmer it is the memory of 1920-21. It is doubtful that farmers would have expanded as they did during the war and sustained their production right up to the end of hostilities if they had not had that guarantee. Potatoes, for example, were increased from 2.8 million acres planted in 1938 to 3.4 million in 1943. Then, even with the guarantee, the acreage was dropped to 2.1 million last year and this. The farmer, though receiving the benefit of the government support price, cut his potato acreage in favor of other money crops. The fact that there was such a bountiful crop was the joint result of the unpredictably good weather and the remarkable effectiveness of DDT in killing plant pests.



DIAGRAMS BY BILL DOVE

It is clear that if potato prices had been allowed to go their own way, we never would have had the acreage we needed during the war; and if prices had fallen low enough, the postwar acreage would have dropped off sharply. So we would have had less potato acreage and a higher potato price.

Why not let potato prices—and other farm prices—crash down to their natural supply-demand level? Well, for city folks that's not a bad idea. But how would you like it if you were a farm family in Maine or Idaho living on potato land? And the same goes for every other crop. Repeat the ridiculous performance we put on at the end of the first war and you can bankrupt a goodly share of America's farm families. Only this time note that there is plenty of employment in the city for people who want to leave the farm. Young people especially will leave the farms if prices and profits drop very much. In this sense, the full employment and relatively high wage level of our industrial economy are a floor under farm prices. For the time being, the answer to "How're You Gonna Keep Them Down on the Farm?" is by keeping their profits reasonably attractive.

All this adds up to the fact that as long as inflation holds in the cities, most food prices all the way from the farm to the grocery store are not likely to drop very much.

In sum, this is the mess we have made for ourselves. You can figure that, on the average, one-half of what you pay for food is the price the farmer gets. That half of your food bill will not go down much until the farmer's costs—both of production and of living—go down. That depends on industrial and service prices. So does the other half of your food bill, which is made up of the cost of handling the food at the different stages of distribution. So, no matter which half of the food bill you look at, it is largely linked to prices that have little to do with the farmer. As far as any real break in the cost of living is concerned, it will take a lot more than a drop in farm prices. At least until well into next year, even if farm prices soften in some spots, the increase in meat and dairy-product prices will keep your food bill up where it hurts. Which is, of course, just what we asked for when we lifted wartime controls, subsidies and taxes before our postwar dream house was in order.

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CHINA'S SEASON OF SORROW

Autumn brings more agony to the people, while Chiang and the Reds maneuver endlessly for a military decision

by Walter L. Briggs

PEIPING

AS DAYLIGHT DWINDLES and the winds rip over the North China plains, the Chinese think of autumn, and are sad. In China autumn is kin to sorrow. The written character *ch'iu*, meaning autumn, when combined with that for heart, produces the calligraphic expression *ch'ou*, for sorrow.

This autumn promises infinite sorrow for humble people across this vast land. Perhaps it will bring the greatest sorrow in the memory of living Chinese.

Man's heart is wrung by famines which mean starving children, by money growing worthless so rapidly that it cannot buy enough rice for all the mouths, and by the corruption of grasping landlords, tyrannous soldier-politicians, and the fat jails in which men are held without indictment. Most of all, men fear—and hate—the civil war. These are simple men, and they fail to understand the reason for this war.

The late victory over the Axis was to have brought peace and contentment to the Chinese. But as in many other lands, its residue is greater sorrow. "This war is ten times worse than the Japanese war," an eminent professor told me. "The Japs held the big cities and the main lines, but they rarely penetrated inland. This war goes into every village."

In the big coastal cities the complacent Westerners and the Chinese bankers in neatly pressed suits rarely stop to watch the soldiers. In fading khaki, a white star pinned to caps cocked on shaven heads, China's soldiers, shuffling on straw sandals, move by platoons and divisions along the streets. Roped to other recruits perhaps only a month ago, they have been yanked from their villages, from life in another world.

The sleek bankers don't have to worry about conscription, but these other Chinese with tender faces are on their way to a troopship or train, to a strange battlefield.

The refugees look longest at the soldiers. Gaunt and tattered, these refugees are pouring into Shanghai, Nanking and the other big cities. The refugees watch the soldiers because their own sons were led off like this, and because they have been beaten and raped and their huts have been looted and burned, and they know what this war is.

"Most of the people are eating herbs and tree leaves," reports the archbishop of the besieged city of Taiyuan. "Rice is a luxury in Mukden," says a traveler from that encircled city, "with the whole population slowly starving to death." Students who fled the Communists beg on the streets of this ancient seat of China's learning.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the Nationalist president, and Mao Tse-tung, the supreme Communist, both proclaim that they are fighting the good fight. Each says that he will win. It is difficult, however, to believe—war being what it is—that either will win. Certainly not Chiang.

It seems increasingly clear that Nanking's leaders are pressing the war because it is worth while mainly to themselves. To the people, however, the Nanking government is "inefficient" and "corrupt," as even General Albert C. Wedemeyer admitted—but, worse, it is oppressive. The personal motive doubtless also affects the Red leaders, but they seem to be giving the people a little in return. The Communists are winning the civil war. They also seem to be winning because more Chinese support them more adequately than support the Nationalists.

The two governments recently propagated their respective faiths in communiqués summarizing long months of the war.

". . . The government has decided to wage a long war," said the Ministry of National Defense. Various Communist plans have been "frustrated." The Ministry talked of strategy to "preserve Manchuria," to "fortify," "defend," "prevent." Nationalist troops are doing wonderfully, the Ministry declared, but the summary seemed to say that their progress was negative.

The Red report, grandiloquently repeated three successive days by the North Shensi Radio, was just as boastful, but with more reason. The names of Kaifeng, Shihkiachuang, Szepingkai and other "liberated" cities rolled off impressively. Thirty-seven percent of China's population has been "liberated," the radio exulted, on 24.5 percent of the land. The Red armies were advancing "like the autumn wind sweeping away fallen leaves." Both the Nationalists and the Communists tabulated casualties that set even the most ingenuous observers scoffing.

In recent weeks the Reds have pressed the war in seven scattered provinces and Manchuria. This is the picture:

Manchuria—General Lin Piao's forces continued to harass Changchum, the capital, and Mukden, while frustrating the government's reopening of a corridor to the Gulf of Liaotung.

Hopei—The Reds cut the railroad from Peiping to Paoting, the capital, dispatched raiders hard by Tientsin and within 13 miles of Peiping and disrupted traffic along the vital Peiping-Tientsin railroad.

Shantung—Yenchow, on the Tientsin-Pukow railroad, fell to the Reds after a five-week siege, as Tsinan, the capital, remained beleaguered.

Shansi—The Reds bottled up warlord Yen Hsi-shan in Taiyuan, the capital, and brought the surrounding countryside under control.

Walter L. Briggs, author of several New Republic *articles, was a war correspondent for the United Press in China and India, and is now free-lancing.*

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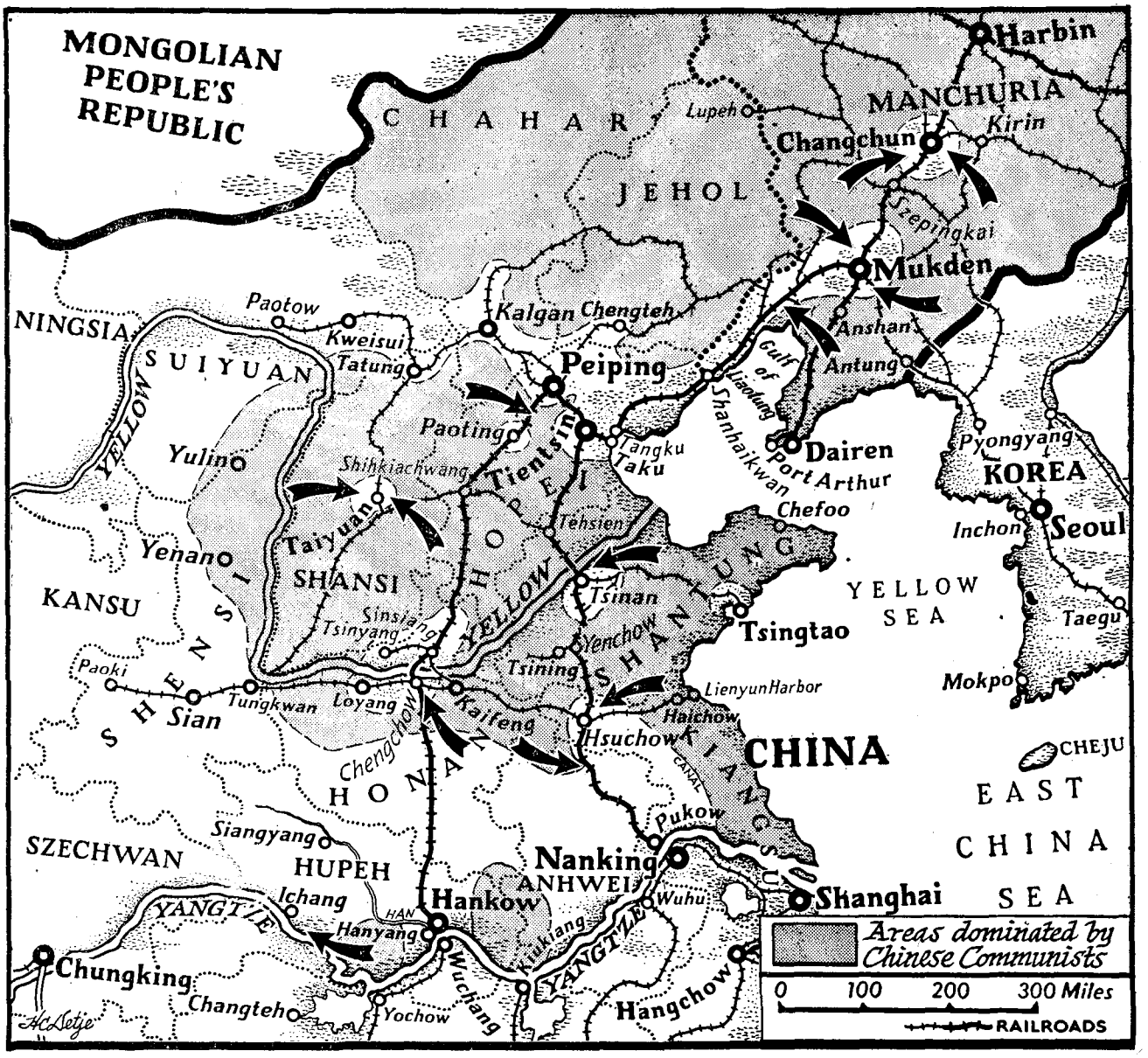

NEW REPUBLIC MAP BY H. C. DETJE

Honan—Following their devastating sack of Kaifeng, the capital, the Reds turned on Chengchow, at the junction of the Peiping-Hankow and Lunghai railroads.

Hupeh—The Reds converged on the triangle between the Yangtze and Han Rivers preparatory perhaps to assaulting the rich inland province of Szechwan.

Kiangsu—Hsuchow, at a junction of the Tientsin-Pukow railroad, appeared to be a Red target, while other Red forces consolidated to the east along the historic Grand Canal.

Anhwei—The Reds raided a northern town on the Tientsin-Pukow railroad.

It is readily apparent that the Communists have concentrated on provincial capitals and railroads. They have become strong enough to depart from their proved guerrilla tactics. Seizure of railroads disrupts government communications, accentuating economic difficulties. Seizure or blockade of capitals hamstrings Nationalist army headquarters and strikes at Nationalist prestige. However, the Reds have not yet assaulted such major cities as Shanghai and Peiping, presumably because they are not ready to commit the necessary troops and have not trained sufficient municipal technicians.

The government's military disasters contribute immeasurably to Nationalist China's disintegration. Each day brings new evidence of impending collapse. For instance, the government monopoly for tung oil, at present China's leading export, recently ordered all stocks brought downriver from such ports as Chungking and Ichang because the Yangtze's tenability seemed dubious.

Meanwhile, the government is plagued by sabotage, espionage, fifth-column agitation and student uprisings.

Defense Minister Ho Ying-chin's promise at the advent of "constitutionalism" last May of better treat-

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ment for soldiers and elimination of "squeezing" officers has brought no change. Nor have American advisers noticeably increased the government's military potency.

It is too early to judge the results of America's recent dole of $125 million in military supplies, but every military observer whom this reporter has met believes that it will follow previous millions down the drain—or into Communist hands. While there is no proof for Nationalist assertions of "repeated instances" of Russian aid to the Chinese Communists, the United States is uncontestably supplying Mao's army indirectly, through Red capture of arms.

The most significant Nationalist military reform recorded in many months was the removal by Chen Yi, governor of Chekiang Province, of Manchu trappings in the form of military guards from the gates of the *yamen*, or government offices. These guards will be converted into real soldiers.

As during the Japanese war, Nationalist merchants maintain a thriving trade with the enemy. They have been reported sending radio parts, for example, into the forbidden territory in return for wool. The government frowns on this lack of patriotism, but Hopei's governor has advocated an open-air fair for barter between the two areas to replace illicit commerce.

North China, meanwhile, is deluged with one batch of rumors that a high Nationalist official recently met a high Communist to discuss peace, and another that peripheral warlords plan to break with Nanking. These became so persistent that government brass, including Vice-President Li Tsung-jen, felt called upon to deny them. Li advised Peiping reporters to write instead about the city's "ancient history and scenery."

Caught between the high-powered brainwork and high-level machinations of the Chiangs and the Maos are the people. For them there is only suffering. And as the winds of autumn bring the sifting snow, autumn will truly become China's sorrow.

THE ROAD FROM BUCHENWALD

In the soil of Israel 100 survivors of Nazi concentration camps are planting a new home at Beer Ya'aqov and living a dream

by Lawrence Lader

ACROSS THE HILLSIDE of Beer Ya'aqov, Fred Diament drove his tractor, cutting deep furrows in the hard earth. The Palestine sun had burned his skin almost as dark as the earth, but it could not hide the "39927" tattooed on his arm. Nearby at the stables, where Yashur Posnyak was unloading hay from his wagon, you could see the number on his arm, too. And in the kitchen on top of the hill, the arm that stirred the soup had its number. In the vineyards, the orange groves and the barns, the arms that picked the grapes, pumped the water and milked the cows—all had their numbers.

For these people were the survivors of Germany's concentration camps. Here, on this hillside, they were building an agricultural coöperative, known in Israel as a *kibbutz*. They were building a dream that had started ten years before, and they called it Kibbutz Buchenwald.

It was a big, sweeping farm that had belonged, ironically enough, to a family of German settlers. When the war started in 1939, the family supported the Nazis, and the British had deported them. The hillside, shaded by eucalyptus trees, was cool, so the farm buildings had been turned into a rest home for officers. The land had been rented to a rich Arab. When the British left Palestine, they had given the land to the Arab Legion. But Jewish units from nearby Beer Ya'aqov defeated them in a quick skirmish in April. Now, with deep trenches still circling the base of the hill and mine fields sown along the road to Ramle, the survivors of Buchenwald had come to bring the earth back to life.

Lawrence Lader, formerly a contributing editor of Coronet, is now touring Israel as a free-lance correspondent.

We stood on the hill near the cluster of houses that the German farmer had built many years before. They were thick-walled and painted yellow in the massive style of the Rhine Valley. The largest house had a clock tower, but the clock had stopped. Half the windows were broken, and doors and tiles from the floor had been ripped out and taken away by the fleeing Arabs.

In the orange groves off to the right, the water flowed sluggishly through the irrigation ditches, for the Arabs had even crippled the pumping station. The trees had not been watered for months, and many of them were turning brown and dying.

"We are trying to save them," Fred Diament said. "We have repaired the pumping station and are getting water to the groves. We have to build chicken houses and incubators, because the country needs eggs badly. As for the houses —"

He pointed to the low, squat building on the side of the hill, where General Allenby, who took Palestine from the Turks, lived for a while in 1919, and which was going to serve temporarily as the children's quarters. Behind it was the main building with the clock tower, which would house most of the families. "There are holes in the floor. Pipes torn out. But we cannot bring our children here until the buildings have been cleaned and repaired. There is much to be done. After years of waiting to settle on our own land, there is suddenly so little time and so much to be done."

Throughout Israel, there are more than 200 *kibbutzim,* started as early as 1909 and ranging in size from a hundred members to a thousand. Some are affiliated with a specific party like Mapai, which is Socialist. Others belong to Hashomer Hatzair, part of the

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Marxian, but non-Communist, Mapam party. But Kibbutz Buchenwald is unique. It has members from all parties. It has members who are religious, and others who are completely non-religious. But it is unique above all because it is the only *kibbutz* in Israel which has sprung from the survivors of the German concentration camps.

"For years behind barbed wire," said Diament, "this was only a dream. Now we must make it come true. We must show that we still have a will to live and work at our own future, not only for ourselves, but as a symbol for the rest of the Jews of Europe who are still waiting to reach Palestine."

For Fred Diament, the dream started one day in 1939 when the Gestapo came to his house. He was 15 then. Until he was 21, all he knew was the barbed wire of Oranienburg, Auschwitz and Buchenwald.

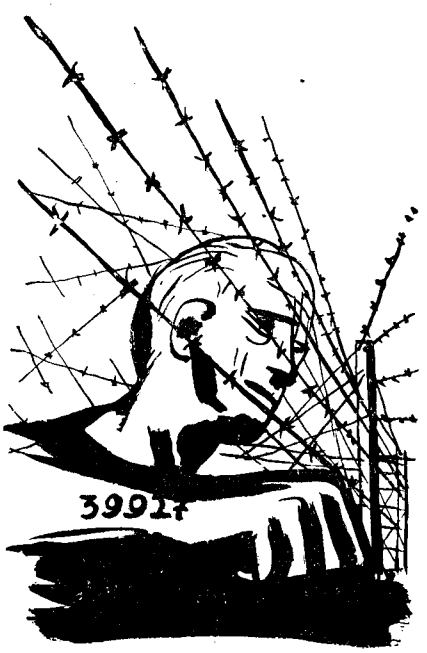
For Yashur Posnyak, it started the day the Germans invaded Bialystok, Russia. With 40 other boys, he escaped to the hills, and blew up German railroads and supply tracks, and ambushed German patrols. Then one night he went back to Bialystok to search for his parents. The Germans caught him, and tortured him to make him talk about the partisans, but he told them nothing. Finally they sent him to Buchenwald.

For Aron Ohnhaus and Soshanna Heyman, it started on a German farm where a hundred Jewish boys and girls were training themselves for *kibbutz* life in Palestine. For a while, the Nazis thought it was a labor camp and left them alone. Then in 1942, they were arrested, and most of them taken to the gas chambers. Of the original hundred, only five survived.

"It was only the dream of the *kibbutz*," said Diament, "that kept us alive. We talked and planned for the day that we would start our *kibbutz* in Palestine. We lived collectively just as we do now. We divided the little food and water we had. We made contact with the underground. If there was a list of a thousand people to be drawn up for the gas chambers, somehow we managed to cut it to six hundred. There were plenty of others, just as strong as we were, who had nothing to hold them together. They quarreled over every scrap of food. They became beasts. They fought among themselves, instead of fighting the Germans, and they lost the one thing that kept us going—the will to survive.

"After the liberation, we decided to start our own *kibbutz* immediately. There were 20 of us who had stayed together through the camp. Then we were joined by a few others like Zwia Wiszick, who looked like a Polish girl and managed to spend the war as a slave laborer. We wanted to work. We wanted to dig our hands into the earth and produce something real. We heard about a German farm near Eggendorf, and got permission to go there. After two months, we moved to another farm at Geringsdorf, in the American sector, because we thought it would be easier to get from there to Palestine. We bought some blue cloth and made a Jewish flag. And on the main building we wrote 'Buchenwald Kibbutz' in big, Hebrew letters so that all the Germans of the countryside could see it and know that we had survived.

"But we still had no idea how to get to Palestine. Then an American chaplain, Rabbi Marcus, came to visit us. He took care of us like a father and got



in touch with the Jewish Agency, trying to get us certificates to enter Palestine.

We waited for months. Finally eight certificates came, but our *kibbutz* had grown so quickly that only some of us could go. They sailed from Toulon in September and reached Haifa two weeks later.

"I was with the second group of sixty. There were no more certificates for us, so we decided to go through the underground. We made contact with units of the Jewish Brigade of the British Army, which were stationed in Europe. First they transferred us to Bergen-Belsen, the collecting point of the underground. Then one night, without warning, they told us to pack. They gave us British uniforms to wear, and loaded us on British trucks with the girls inside so they could not be seen. We drove until we reached Antwerp. All along the way there were patrols of the Jewish Brigade, guarding the road for us. At Antwerp, they hid us in two large houses, and we stayed there for months.

"One night they loaded us on trucks again. This time we were dressed as German prisoners of war. More immigrants joined us at Nancy and Liége, and soon there were twenty-four truckloads, with a regular escort of jeeps from the Jewish Brigade, rolling through France. At one place, the French threw stones at us, thinking we were really German prisoners, but we only laughed. Later on, at a bridge, some British MP's got suspicious. But the Jewish Brigade major, who was in charge of the convoy, stood up in his jeep and shouted orders just as if we were a party of generals on our way to a reception.

"At Marseilles, our ship was waiting in the harbor. It was only 400 tons, and there were almost a thousand of us, jammed into the hold. But we didn't care now. We were really on our way. Then, at Corsica, a French patrol ship stopped us. The Haganah men, who were in charge of the ship, told them we were going to South America. But the French captain didn't believe them and said he had to wire

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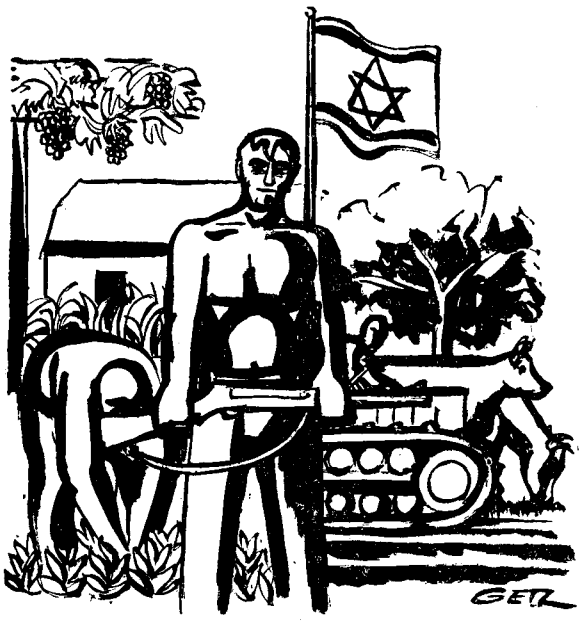

Paris for instructions. In the meantime, it grew dark; we started our motor and slipped away.

"There was no more trouble for the next ten days, but a few hours from Haifa, a British patrol plane spotted us and signaled a British cruiser. The cruiser chased us and we had to stop. The British boarded us with their tommy guns, and we all came up on deck and made it so crowded that there was hardly room for them to move. We hoisted the Jewish flag and began to sing the 'Hatikvah.' We could see the British were nervous, and when they got us into Haifa harbor, the shore was lined with British soldiers. They took us to a detention camp.

"For a while it looked as though we'd have to start the long road all over again. After six years of it, we were sitting behind barbed wire again, only this time it was British instead of German. But we were lucky. After a week, they released us. We were one of the last groups that got through. A few days later, they began deporting all immigrants who came by way of the underground to Haifa."

A *kibbutz* does not spring up over night. It takes land. It takes chickens and cows and horses. Above all, it takes a knowledge of farming and farm organization. It takes training in coöperative living. The members of Kibbutz Buchenwald spent two years getting these essentials. First, they affiliated themselves with Afikim, a veteran *kibbutz* in the Jordan Valley. There, each member spent over a year becoming a specialist in a specific job. They learned about fertilizing and irrigation. They learned to run a coöperative laundry, to organize a school, to raise bananas and work a tractor.

Early in 1947, they decided the time had come to start on their own. Afikim had given them a hundred chickens, and from the money they earned, they bought two cows. The Jewish Agency agreed to lend them a piece of land at Rishon Le Zion. Actually, it was just a training ground where fledgling *kibbutzim* could live and grow until they found permanent land of their own. The few buildings were old and dilapidated. Most of the single men and women had to live in tents. The farm was small and sandy. Until they could plant and harvest their own crops, the only way to earn money was by hiring themselves out as laborers in the surrounding orange groves.

But they learned how to organize and run a *kibbutz*. "Every day," Diament said, "was a new problem in democracy. We talked everything over at general meetings. Then we would vote, and everyone had to follow the decision of the majority. Sometimes this was hard. There are certain jobs, such as working in the banana fields, which no one likes. But if the general meeting decided that a certain member should learn that job, it was his duty to learn it, or else leave the *kibbutz*."

After six months of training at Rishon Le Zion, the *kibbutz* decided to find a piece of land for a permanent home. They applied to the land-settlement office of the Jewish Agency and were given the sweeping farm of almost a thousand acres near Beer Ya'aqov. But before they could move to it, the second phase of the war began, on July 10, and Beer Ya'aqov suddenly became an important base for the attack on the large Arab city of Ramle. Members of the *kibbutz* who were in the army were transferred to Beer Ya'aqov, and during the heavy shelling by the Arab Legion they dug protective trenches around the hill and set up a command post in the basement of the main farm building. Then the Jewish Army took Ramle and the larger city of Lydda, nearby. By the beginning of the second truce, on July 17, the area around Beer Ya'aqov was secure, and Kibbutz Buchenwald was ready to become a reality.

Now the dream that had started behind the barbed wire in Germany took shape. The Department of Settlement sat down with the officers of the *kibbutz* and worked out a $45,000 budget that would be given them as a loan to be repaid over a period of 25 years. There was $11,000 for seed and fertilizer, and $9,000 for mechanical equipment like plows and wagons. To repair the pumping station and install modern sprinklers for irrigation in the vegetable garden, another $9,000 was allotted. Six thousand dollars more was for the purchase of cows; $3,000 for an incubator and chickens; $3,000 for the restoration of the old buildings; and $3,000 for topographical surveys.

Today, the plows and seeds this money has bought are already becoming a part of the earth of Kibbutz Buchenwald. The vegetable fields are being planted with tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots and potatoes. Four hundred acres of corn are being sowed. In the large groves on the hill sloping toward Ramle, there will be fifty new acres of olive trees.

The pride of the *kibbutz* is the tractor from America. "It was a gift," said Diament, who is the chief tractor driver. "An American businessman named Sam Rothberg came to visit us a few months ago. When he saw we had no tractor, he said he owned a tractor plant in Peoria, Illinois, and

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he'd send us one when he got back. Even if you had the money, you couldn't buy a tractor like that in Palestine, and when it came, there was a real holiday, with singing and dancing. The next day, when I cut the first furrow, everyone came out to watch. Then, a week later, the Army requisitioned the tractor to build anti-tank trenches at a small village near Lydda. I went along to drive it and had just started work when the Arabs counter-attacked and took the village. There I was, sitting in the middle of the village square with firing going on all around me. So I took my rifle and started firing too. Soon our reinforcements came up and drove the Arabs back. There were four bullet holes in the tractor, but nothing vital had been damaged. When I finally brought it back here after Lydda had been captured, everyone stopped work and there was another celebration."

Even with its hundred men and women working from dawn to dusk, the *kibbutz* has already found that it is short-handed and needs at least 50 more members. At the moment, this shortage is being met only by the trickle of immigrants who came from Cyprus. An even more pressing social problem is the numerical disproportion between the two sexes. Of the 100 members of the *kibbutz,* 60 are men and 40 women, and of the latter, 25 are already married. Housing conditions were bad at first. There are almost no luxuries. Women are often needed in the fields to work alongside the men. As a result, except for girls trained for *kibbutz* life by the pioneer youth movements, few women over 21 are likely to apply for membership, and there may soon come a time when the men at Beer Ya'aqov far outnumber the women.

The *kibbutz* also has had to face the issue of private property. Since it is a socialistic coöperative, everything is owned by the community. But soon after their arrival in Palestine members began to receive gifts of radios, or small luxuries like ash trays, and there was strong sentiment that they should be allowed to keep them. After months of experimenting, a compromise was finally worked out. Today, members can keep such items as radios, but only on the condition that they are available for the use of any other member.

Actually, no one at Buchenwald worries about the lack of luxuries. "People often criticize our kind of life," said Diament, "because we can't run down to the corner for an ice cream soda or go to the latest movie whenever we want. But we've made these small sacrifices in return for much more important things."

The members of Kibbutz Buchenwald are not only building their own community, but they are opening up a new frontier for a new state. In their passionate love of the soil, they are peasants. But they are also intellectuals, translating agrarian socialism into reality. They are creating a culture, as new as the latest atomic tests, as permanent as the soil they are rooted in.

You can see this culture ferment and take shape any evening at the *kibbutz.* By 6:30, the workers have come in from the fields. By 7:30, they are crowding into the dining halls. The table is stacked with tomatoes and cucumbers from their own garden, which will be mixed with sour cream made of milk from their own goats. The eggs are from their own chicken houses, and the fruit from their groves. The bread is the thick, brown bread of peasants, but the talk sounds like the dinner talk of Oxford or Harvard. Someone is discussing Sinclair Lewis' latest book. Another is debating the importance of the Marshall Plan in terms of Israel's economy.

After the dishes have been cleared away, Meir Ahuvel, chairman of the cultural committee, reads two essays by members of the *kibbutz.* One concerns the education policy which the *kibbutz* is now considering for its schools, and it is debated hotly for half an hour. The other is gay and fanciful, and the room fills with laughter. Then Ahuvel calls on another member to play a song he has just composed. "We need new music that is not an imitation of other countries, but comes from the soil of Israel," Ahuvel explains. "We need to express the love of our soil, the spirit of our fields, and of our work together."

When the music is over, someone else brings out an accordion, and everyone starts to sing. It is a wild, triumphant song—sad in spots with a sort of Slavic sadness—but essentially martial. Then they dance. They join hands in a large circle for the "Hora," the traditional dance of the Jewish youth movement. The circle goes round and round, faster and faster, with short steps backward and to the side. Some of the men and women drop out, but still the dance goes on, until it seems that no one could possibly dance that fast and that long. By the time it ends, even the strongest are exhausted.

"Six years ago," Diament says, "I never thought we would be alive. And now we are dancing. That is the dream. That is really the dream come true."

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR GETZ

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

PURE SCIENCE AND THE PLANNED SOCIETY

by James R. Newman

As EXPOSITION, *Science, Servant of Man*, by I. Bernard Cohen (Little, Brown; $4), is didactic and condescending to the reader, confused in conception, trite and conventional in its interpretations. As writing, it is painfully deferential to all established authority and personages, and embroidered with enough clichés and solecisms to arouse the professional envy of Frank Sullivan and to have prompted the clinical interest of the late H. W. Fowler. (Item: "Hypothecate" means to make a mortgage, not a hypothesis; "egregious," applicable to blunders, asses or follies, is no longer an appropriate word to praise a scientific achievement.)

Somehow, I expected something better, and this was, therefore, a disappointing as well as a thoroughly irritating book. It survives the exertions of its author only because the subject matter, fundamental research, is a rich, many-sided adventure in the realm of thought.

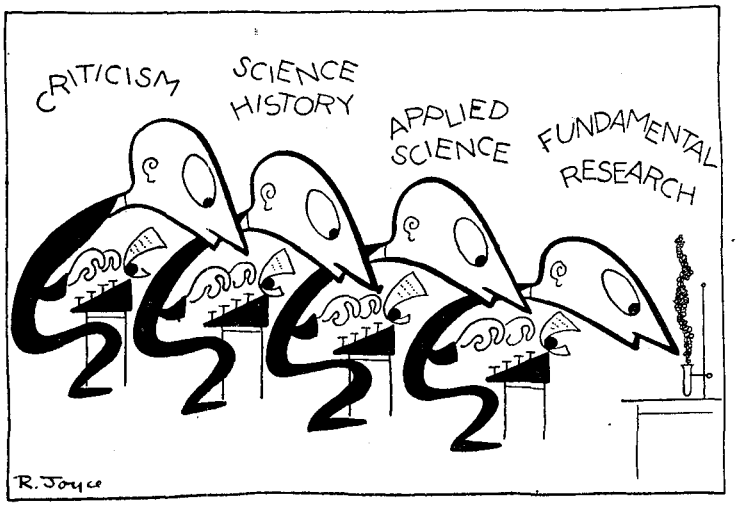
With this preliminary admonition, I suggest that there are rewarding portions of the story for those with an inveterate curiosity about fundamental science and the strange patterns of the physical world.

Harlow Shapley says in the foreword that Dr. Cohen, a Harvard instructor in the history of science, undertook this study to explain in popular terms the practical value of fundamental research and to answer such questions as, "What is the good of it?" and, "How are discoveries made?" Shapley relates the need for the job and its timeliness to the various legislative proposals of the past three years to establish a national science foundation for the support of scientific education and theoretical research.

As a collection of "case histories" of fundamental scientific inquiries whose results led to major advances in industrial chemistry, agriculture, medicine, radio communication and oil prospecting, this is a useful and sometimes absorbing survey. The researches which produced penicillin, nylon, synthetic rubber and 2, 4-D, the new weed-killing chemical; the great work of Faraday, Maxwell and Hertz, and its relation to radio and radar; the stories of blood groups and blood transfusions, of the hybridization of corn, of the science of micro-paleontology which tells an oil-hungry world where to find its sustenance by studying the fossils of protozoa dead these 500 million years; the links between astronomical phenomena, relativity, atomic energy and wireless communication—all this is ideal, if not always new, material for popularization.

Even though he overcrowds his histories with recondite details and bangs his way to a climax with so many italics and exclamation marks that the reader is half-dead of confusion and excitement before the main act arrives, Dr. Cohen masters this phase of his survey and conveys an adequate impression of the extraordinary chain-reactions and cross-fertilizations that impel the process of scientific creation. In one respect, at least, science is the most efficient of all intellectual pursuits: nothing produced by disinterested inquiry is wasted; every datum, every half-respectable theory serves the growth of knowledge either as a catalyst, a mover or an enduring element.

Not infrequently, Dr. Cohen departs from science reporting to discuss the nature of research and scientific progress. This results in interludes that are hard to bear. The very first chapter is a sermon to the "layman" on his "fundamental ignorance of what science can or cannot accomplish and of the way in which science goes about its fundamental task." He is exhorted to a "sympathetic understanding of the scientific enterprise as a whole," and told that he must now be prepared to assume the responsibilities of "Scientific Citizenship." Dr. Cohen asserts that the "average reader" of the eighteenth century had a much better grasp of the meaning of science than his opposite number has today. But what evidence is there for this contention other than the melancholy stereotype—which I am not prepared to dispute—that the world is steadily deteriorating?



In the eighteenth century there was, to be sure, a fashionable interest in Newtonian science. The "ladies of the French court stud-

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ied experimental physics"—there are certainly no such goings on in the White House today—and the more literate of the upper classes enjoyed the scientific popularizations of Euler, Fontanelle, Pemberton and Voltaire, attended science lectures and participated in conversaziones and soirées with the witty and learned. But it is well to reëmphasize that this was a fashionable interest, reserved, as was all education, for the privileged few. It is simple nonsense to make generalized comparisons between the reading public of 1748 and that of 1948.

So much for that clod, the layman. What are the "conditions of scientific discovery"? Since "no chain is stronger than its weakest link" and "each advance of science is inextricably linked" to others, "the times must be ripe" and "the total scientific situation . . . propitious." Does this mean anything more than that effects depend upon adequate causes? If so, its further meaning is not unfolded by a writer who invariably employs stencilled phrases to do his thinking for him.

Another chapter treats of the "happy accident and its consequences." In this category one would place Becquerel's discovery of radioactivity (on noting that a batch of photographic plates in proximity to a bottle of uranium salts were unaccountably fogged) and Fleming's momentous decision not to throw away a moldy dish before examining it, the first step on the trail to penicillin. Essentially, there are no happy accidents in science, says Cohen. A great chess player like the late Emanuel Lasker was often called lucky. But of course there are no lucky world chess champions. A discovery, Cohen explains, must fit the times, men's minds must be "prepared." In support, he quotes Einstein to the effect that even if he, himself, had never lived, "we would still have had some form of the Theory of Relativity; but if Beethoven had not lived we would not have had an Eroica Symphony." Well, perhaps so, but I have grown weary—and in this I am surely not alone—of the hackneyed notion of a "climate of ideas," a fancy device, it seems to me, for saying little.

Many of Cohen's opinions, by the way, and especially his basic conception of the development of science, are identical with the views J. B. Conant expressed in the 1946 Terry Lectures, "On Understanding Science." Acknowledgement was there made to Dr. Cohen for his help. I suppose it to be in the best tradition of academic cooperation, but to a layman it does seem odd to have Dr. Cohen borrowing from Dr. Conant the ideas and perhaps even the phrases that Dr. Conant borrowed originally from Dr. Cohen. Having reviewed Conant's essay in these columns last year, I am unwilling to traverse the same ground again.

The last two chapters afford a conspectus of the author's opinions on whether scientists should be blamed for the troubles of the world, including the horrors of war, and whether science should, or can be, planned. As to the first, Dr. Cohen says, no, or, if I may quote him, we ought not to "lay the blame [for war] at the door of science" (p. 288), nor should other disorders (like unemployment) "be laid at the feet of science" (p. 301). I concur. Certainly not there.

I doubt Dr. Cohen really understands what is meant by planned research, but it is clear, at any rate, that he is against it. In fact, he appears rather nervous about any innovation which might be construed as having social, economic or political consequences. His absolute limit of commitment, one gathers, would be to

> . . . raise for good the supplicating voice,
> But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.

The future of science in the United States depends on our ability to preserve its liberties and prerogatives as a free intellectual activity while fitting it to our social and economic needs. The fruitfulness of research, both fundamental and applied, hangs on the outcome of a variety of circumstances and unresolved issues, any of which is of greater public significance than a program of education on the utility of fundamental science, important as that may be. Among these, I would include various conflicts between the public and private interest: the desperate need for systematic research in the social sciences, the military stranglehold on current research programs; the maneuvers of industry, a few great universities and a small clique of "science administrators" to create their own condominium of research, the problems of "planned" versus free investigations, the untried possibilities of peacetime "operational research," and the formulation of a science policy for the federal government. Of these matters, Dr. Cohen, who, I suspect, thinks things are pretty peachy as they are, says almost nothing.

Science, Servant of Man: A Layman's Primer for the Age of Science, costs $4, which is an imposition, not mere inflation.

THE FABULOUS VALLEY

THE CLEFT ROCK, by Alice Tisdale Hobart (The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $3).

HERE IS A "cleft" novel, two stories in one: a preposterous, sadly contrived "fiction" and a dramatic report of an actual situation—the struggle for water in the Central Valley of California. The real story is infinitely more exciting and readable than the invented tale.

Shaped like an enormous cucumber, the Great Valley lies deep-folded between the Sierras on the east and the molded coastal ranges on the west; the Klamath range on the north, the Tehachapi on the south. This 400-mile, sun-locked valley, with its long growing season, is one of the richest valleys in the world; it has everything—except an abundance of water.

If one enters the valley from the north, one notices first the great grain fields and winter pastures for sheep. Farther south is an orchard belt of prune, peach and pear trees. To the north of Sacramento are the rice fields which the Japanese started years ago; to the south, the "delta country"—thousands of swamp acres reclaimed by dikes and levees, largely built by Chinese and Japanese labor, where tons of asparagus, celery and spinach

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are produced. Below Stockton is the lower valley, the San Joaquin, divided into an "east side" and a "west side." Most of the orchards and vineyards are on the "east side," the great cotton baronies on the west. The irrigated, small-farming sections contain some of the most prosperous and attractive farm communities in the nation; but the large-farming areas are social Saharas, devoid of homes, dotted by clusters of shacks euphemistically called "labor camps" with, here and there, a "poor and lifeless" town, looking as though its "vitality had been sucked up in service to the enormous fields." Conflict between the two types of farms is almost as old as American settlement, with the tatterdemalion farm workers forever caught in the middle.

Conflict is inherent in the nature of the valley: there is too much water in the north, a saline intrusion in the delta, and a constantly falling water-table in the south. Although California is an arid state, the right to pump water from underground storage basins has never been regulated; unlimited pumping is an aspect of "free enterprise." Favored by a differential rate for electric power, the big farms use high-powered pumps to drain the underground storage basins, usually at the expense of the small farmers, and, in their quest for quick profits, plant crops requiring a suicidal amount of water. Private power and other interests are allied with the big farms, making up a great phalanx of influence against which the dirt farmers perpetually and often blindly struggle.

A solution to this situation, which would correct the water balance, is the Central Valley Project. This would pump water into the lower valley through a network of canals and dams, reverse the flow of the San Joaquin River and regulate that of the Sacramento to improve navigation and prevent floods. In comparison, the TVA must be placed in the category of simple, A-B-C engineering.

Miss Hobart's real story deals with the many-sided social conflict precipitated by the struggle for water. She picks up the account at about the time the Central Valley Project was first proposed and gives a blow-by-blow description of the fight to save the project in the face of a bitter, infinitely resourceful and utterly unscrupulous opposition. It is made quite clear that the struggle has a long history, that the issue was joined many years ago and that the stakes are fantastically high. In a final summing-up, Miss Hobart properly charges the oppositionists with their real crime: that they have worked "a corruption of the American way of life." The corruption is many-sided. It involves a perversion of man's relation to the land, of the relation between man-and-man, group-and-group, town-and-country; and, underlying all these relations, it represents a wanton misuse of natural resources.

In one scene, the book's hero enters a "west side" town. "At its entrance was a secondhand shop, spilling out on the ground in front of its broken-down beds, rusty oil stoves, cracked mirrors, the flotsam of the poor. . . . Men coming in from the fields were entering the saloons. Children swarmed the dusty, empty places, and behind the buildings he could see shacks sprawled in grotesque fashion up to the very edges of the meticulously cared-for vineyards. Peter could think of nothing but a festering cancerous growth on the fertile earth." It is the richness of the valley, its extraordinary fertility, its infinite possibilities for human well-being that underscore this "festering cancerous growth" of monopoly—monopoly of land, water and electric power; and, with these, a near-monopoly of social, economic and political power.

The fight to break the monopoly is now nearly a hundred years old. It is being won slowly, painfully, at inordinate social cost and with great waste and destruction. But it is being won. Recently the Bureau of Reclamation signed the first of a series of contracts under which farmers, to get water made available by the Central Valley project, must first agree to the sale of all holdings in excess of 160 acres. Here is the leverage which may finally break the power of the corruptionists. For those who would know something about this century-old fight for control of the richest farming area in the United States, I can highly recommend *The Cleft Rock*. Forget the "fiction"—it is silly but inoffensive; concentrate on the real story. You will find it to be one of the most exciting and dramatic in the struggle for democracy in the West.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

MILITARY OBSERVER

HATE, HOPE AND HIGH EXPLOSIVES, by George Fielding Eliot (The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.75).

AFTER A TWO-MONTH trip through the Middle East in the spring of 1948, George Fielding Eliot, the military critic, is convinced that the Americans in the State Department who believe the Arabs to be our best prop and support against Russia in that tumultuous part of the world are backing the wrong side. Although British and American military and diplomatic officials who were not actually on the spot were reluctant to believe him, he kept telling them that the Jews were superior in fighting strength and skill, that the Arabs were weak and hopelessly divided, and that any prospect that the forces of Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria and even the more warlike Transjordan would be able to stop any possible Russian advance, even if they wanted to, seemed to him the wildest dream.

The British military men in Palestine, who, he believed, were honestly striving to be fair to both sides—and were thereby merely gaining the hatred of both—in the final days of the British mandate, agreed with him completely about Jewish superiority, but had difficulty in making their opinion felt in official London. Nevertheless, by the time he had finished his journey, Eliot was optimistic enough to feel that Ernest Bevin, with his "sturdy British common sense," had come to realize that the Arab section of his Foreign Office had been deceiving him and was planning a change in his anti-Jewish policy.

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While regrettable, the show of armed force between the new state of Israel and the members of the inchoate Arab League was, he saw, necessary to demonstrate Jewish superiority, and therefore played a vital part in clarifying the whole confused Middle Eastern situation.

The only statesman the author found among the Arabs was Abdullah, the shrewd king of Transjordan, and he was far more interested in the formation of "Greater Syria," a large and unified Arab state under a strong leader (himself, obviously), than in a dubious military adventure against the powerful Palestinian Jews. In fact, Eliot was convinced that Abdullah, influenced by the proof of "Syrian weakness, Iraqi political unrest, Saudi Arabian caution and his own possession of the only Arab army of any consequence," was interested only in gaining limited military objectives in the occupation of Arab-held territories in Palestine, while keeping away from any dangerously decisive fighting with the Haganah.

After that, he was receptive to any agreement with Israel that would save his face and enable him to carry on his "Greater Syria" ambitions.

If, the author adds, the British government had listened from the first to the acute military advice of Lieutenant General Gordon H. A. MacMillan, commanding the British forces in Palestine, instead of relying on its violently pro-Arab political advisers, American-British policy might have avoided the mistakes that have made both sides suspect.

That is the important part of what Eliot has to say in *Hate, Hope and High Explosives*, a lively, personal and generally superficial journal of travels between March 26 and May 26, which included brief visits to Iran, Turkey, Greece and Trieste, as well as to Palestine and the states of the Arab League. The book is, on the whole, an interesting and enlightening journalistic report on what the author saw and heard. At the same time, while his evidence on the military and political situation as it concerns Israel and the Arab nations—the latter appear to be far more anti-Zionist in words than in deeds—is persuasive and valuable, there is one ungenerous complaint to be made. It does seem that Eliot, whose reputation and credentials gave him advantages the average correspondent does not possess (for instance, our diplomatic people did everything to open up important news sources to him), could have mined a little deeper for some of his verdicts and conclusions.

Without much effort, he seems to have seen everyone he wanted to see, from King Abdullah and the Shah of Iran to Glubb Pasha and the important British and American military men. His relations with them were much more intimate than the formal connections the average working journalist can establish. The explanation appears to be that the pleasant social relationships made him unwilling to be as critical and as searching in his questions as he would have been if he had been acting purely as a reporter.

Eliot is an experienced student of military matters and his analyses of the weaknesses and strengths of the armed forces of the Middle East and of the inter-service difficulties among members of the US missions to Iran and Greece are invariably the most persuasive part of what he has to say. His reports from Iran, Greece and Trieste are politically of little value. His apparent willingness to take for gospel the official word of the American advisers would startle so careful a reporter as Homer Bigart, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, whose factual refutation of the official position in Greece caused much public anguish to Dwight P. Griswold when he was head of our mission in Athens.

Eliot uses the official word, "bandit," for the Greek guerrillas without even bothering to put quotation marks around it. When he talks of the murder of his friend, George Polk, the American correspondent who was an outspoken critic of the Greek government, he is properly indignant; but his report of the rumors concerning the slaying seems almost to dismiss the suspicion that he was a victim of the reactionaries and that the police are doing almost nothing about it. It does seem, too, that when he speaks of the Russian objection to American military aid to Turkey and Iran, he might have considered our probable annoyance if the Russians sent military missions to, let us say, Mexico and Cuba.

As for his report on Trieste, any newspaper story has thrown as much light upon the situation there. In short, Eliot is worth listening to when he is in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem or Abdullah's capital at Amman.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

THE WATER WIZARDS

ROLL BACK THE SEA, by A. den Doolaard. Translated by Barrows Mussey (Simon and Schuster; $2.95).

NOT SINCE the absurd story of the little Dutch boy who put his finger in the hole in the dike has there been anything like *Roll Back the Sea*. In it the author transcends the borders of his native land; though the book has a distinct Dutch flavor, its appeal is universal. Dutch ingenuity here comes to full bloom and the struggle of man against the sea attains vast proportions and a dogged nobility.

Roll Back the Sea also provides a welcome change in a world where the story of man pitted against man is the universal theme, and the struggle of man against the elements has become of secondary importance. It is a book of peacetime achievement in a war-weary world.

Luctor et emergo (I struggle and I prevail) is the device of the province of Zeeland. The principal island of this province is Walcheren, where, during World War II, British aerial bombardment breached the dikes in order to flush out the Germans. Except for a small portion, the island was totally submerged. This novel tells how the inhabitants regained their island from the sea. The protagonists are civil engineers, dredging entrepreneurs, skilled and unskilled workers, and all the small folk whose courage, endurance, patience, ingenuity

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and (we might as well mention it) plain Dutch stubbornness made this almost miraculous feat possible. The villain is, of course, the sea.

It took more than four hundred days to drive the ocean back and regain the land. The ebb and flow of the water in the story is paralleled by the stormy emotions of those whose hopes and fears rise and sink with the turning of the tides.

This is not an easy book, but it sticks to the reader like the heavy clay that went into the dikes; it clings to the mind as mud does to the fingers. It is diversified, colorful and at times philosophical as well as witty and intensely human. It can be mighty in its description of the sea in towering rage, detailed in its rendering of the minutiae of man's meanest moods. It bespeaks the incomparably great love the Dutch have for their soil, which would be perpetually submerged but for their continuous struggle to wrest it from the sea.

In describing the progress of this enormous and heartbreaking labor, the story concerns itself as much with the native pride of the little insurance agent, the ground floor of whose house was submerged at each high tide for a year, as it does with the moods and motivations of the government engineers and the contractors who supplied the dredges. Among its full-length portraits are chief engineer van Hummel, an unkempt idealist with great technical knowledge and heroic steadfastness, and dredger boss Bonkelaar, uncouth, powerful, rollicking and indifferent to the welfare of the working people. The trials of the war-weary, underfed and ill-clad laborers and the robustious appetite of Bonkelaar, whose engines and boats, men and material, contribute so substantially (but always with an eye for profit) to the success of the job, are each illuminated in turn.

The book is exhaustive to a degree that only a volume of such solid proportions can be. It is epic rather than lyrical; it mirrors the Dutch painters' concern with light and shade in infinite variations as well as a struggle of such vast proportions that only the dullest and most unaware reader could remain indifferent.

Though the task of translation offered almost insuperable difficulties because of the technical terms employed in this peculiarly Dutch field of engineering, Barrows Mussey has happily overcome the obstacles. The native flavor has been retained in an elegant and easy English text.

The accompanying line drawings are a joy to behold.

A. V. A. VAN DUYM

IRISH CONSCIENCE

BRIDIE STEEN, by Anne Crone (Charles Scribner's Sons; $3).

IN ITS CHARACTERS and in the pace of its story, *Bridie Steen* is an old-fashioned novel; not deliberately quaint or romantically archaic, but a solid, conventional tale in a convention which is generally considered outmoded. There are elements of the success story of the fairy tale. Bridie, an orphan, is raised by her aunt and uncle in the county of Fermanagh, Northern Ireland. She takes a position as a domestic with local gentry and is thus discovered and befriended by her paternal grandmother, a woman of position and affluence. In the restricted little landed society to which she now belongs, Bridie inevitably falls in love with her cousin, inheriting her grandmother's fortune of six farms.

The story of her family is worked into Bridie's history and the whole deals briskly and easily with fallen fortunes, then repaired fortunes, "dashing, black-eyed, bewhiskered" captains, and girls of "wild and uncontrollable nature." The action is summarized with a flourish. After a clandestine love affair, the young officer rides off, and "in the space of a few short months, his flesh lay rotting upon the mountainside, a sacrifice to king and country."

This is all well enough, as far as it goes, but Miss Crone has placed the conflict of her tale within the larger religious conflict of Irish life. "There were two kinds of people, Catholics and Protestants." Bridie is raised a Catholic by her aunt, but her father's family is staunch Protestant, and "the law of Catholics and Protestants was stronger than the law of fathers and sons or brothers and sisters."

What the author finally demonstrates is that religious strife has nothing to do with the essentials of religion, but that, at the same time, the *conventional* differences in religion maintain division and promote animosity. The intelligent Protestants even express indifference to religious dogma. Bridie's cousin-lover admits calmly: "I am not so positive about the facts of my belief. My God is wider and bigger than theirs. He is more out in the fields and with people everywhere, and not so much in churches or in chapels." And yet he urges this very indifference as a reason for Bridie to desert her own faith. The grandmother says to Bridie: "God doesn't make a difference between Protestants and Catholics. That is a division man has made." And at the same time she can plead fiercely: "I have only the energy to want you, with all the heart and soul that's left in me, to do one thing . . . turn." These people who love Bridie can drive her to tragedy in the name of an abstraction they don't bother to investigate or believe, "so easily does human nature become imbued with the deepest feelings from mere prejudice."

Bridie, for her part, is almost as casual in her belief as her cousin or grandmother. "She was not interested in general questions. Only individuals mattered to her." She is tied to the Protestant faction at least half by inheritance and by every affection. "She thirsted for her grandmother's love. She was jealous of it." Moreover, the Catholic Church is personified for her by the hard, meager figure of her aunt, whose "religion showed itself as an immense greed for every form of pious observance." Yet Bridie can no more yield to her cousin and grandmother than they to her. "It was not what one knew that mattered, but what one feared."

The conflict, then, is not between exclusive truths (though each faction is alienated by the pretension to ex-

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clusive truth in the other), nor even between beliefs, for men seldom sustain struggle merely for beliefs. There is the hint of an explanation: "If the intrusion of the English Protestant kindled an undying resentment in the Irish Catholic, that very resentment in its turn kindled an equally undying flame of patriotism in the heart of the intruder." The Catholic is no longer persecuted for his faith, and the teachings of that faith should direct a charitable forgiveness. But the lines of difference have been drawn, and the intensely insular, parochial and clannish structure of the society maintain them. In such a society, truth is an inherited belief, and with their traditional faith, the Catholics have inherited a prejudice against the ancient enemy, the perpetual outsider.

The Protestant religion, on the other hand, like all faiths, is consolidated by opposition. It digs in for a siege. "I'm a great one for hating people," says Bridie's grandmother, and might have spoken for all of them. In addition, the Protestants are the prosperous and landed class, and with "the intense pride of the small Irish farmer" they defend "the eternal order of substantial, respectable, honest things," thereby identifying their material amenities with their spiritual convictions, to the advantage of both.

These elements in the book are more interesting than its defects. It is a first novel, and surer of its separate parts than of their fusion as a whole. The dialogue is stilted, too argumentative, and misses the cadences of speech. Motivation occasionally depends exclusively on the general conflict instead of the character's individuality. But it is a large, rich subject and the author has exploited it to arrange the setting for tragedy: "Each in his station doomed to play the part destiny and the social order had ordained for him."

JOHN FARRELLY

THEATRE: Overture

THE YOUNGER GENERATION has opened the 1948-49 theatrical season with Bessie Breuer's "Sundown Beach." It is the first play "to be presented for public approval" by the Actors' Studio, a unit founded on October 5, 1947, "for the purpose of providing a place where workers in the theatre can study their craft."

"Sundown Beach" is worthy of such a theatre studio's attention. It is an earnest effort by a novelist making her first attempt at writing for the stage. Whether or not it is equally worthy of "public approval" is another question.

The question is complicated by the circumstances of the piece's presentation. Much less estimable plays are done on Broadway all the time. Certainly Miss Breuer's sincerity and, if possible, her career as a playwright should be encouraged, and the fact that her play is shown at the Belasco rather than at a small theatre away from the center of theatrical competition is nothing that can be held against it. I would rather see "Sundown Beach" on Forty-fourth Street than "John Loves Mary" anywhere.

Yet there are realities in the theatre world that people as intelligent as the leaders of the Actor's Studio (Elia Kazan and associates) ought not to have overlooked. The first is that if the play in their opinion merited a straight commercial production regardless of its origin in studio work, they should not have placed quite so much emphasis on that origin. Alternatively, if it was to be viewed as an example of a playwright's "work in progress" and the evidence of a non-profit organization's study, then it might have been artistically and practically more astute to have shown it under more modest auspices.

The locale of "Sundown Beach" is a café on an island off Florida during the last months of the war. Nearby is an Air Force hospital for crews suffering from mental disturbance brought on by combat strain. Miss Breuer's point is that the war experience induced a crisis in disabilities that are general, the result of the tension we all suffer in modern times.

One soldier feels he no longer has a home because, in his absence, his wife who loves him and whom he still loves has borne an illegitimate child. Another soldier feels worthless because his mother's death deprived him of the opportunity to justify himself in her eyes through his admirable war record. An officer whose father considered him a sissy because he could not bear the sight of blood feels himself an inadequate lover to a wife who shows insufficient understanding of his plight. Another officer who amounted to little before the war believes continued fighting to be the only responsibility he is equipped to face.

What all these people need to heal them is love, says a religiously exalted major whom the men, half in pity and half in awe, know to be cracked. Women, the author suggests with some emphasis, must take such men in hand and literally overwhelm them with love.

There is a kindly and humorous forgiveness in certain scenes, a friendly and popular American indulgence toward the foibles of the young—particularly their sexual foibles. For the rest, the play is serious to the point of hysteria. The total impression is not "bad" in the sense of something lamentably inadequate, but unfortunate because of something artistically indigestible in the conception and writing that makes the play enervating.

What is fundamentally wrong in "Sundown Beach" is that its people are only symptoms. The characters are disembodied neuroses, "cases" without features, walking complexes. In art one cannot be concerned with a disease unless one is first concerned with the person whom it affects. The reason why a Dostoevsky "maniac," for example, is fascinating is that his mania is an intensification of the universally true. The more "crazily" he behaves

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the more we understand the wholeness of our own humanity. Distortion becomes an attribute of the normal. In "Sundown Beach" the characters are perpetually disgorging vehemently trite versions of their maladjustment and ecstatically naïve editorials apropos of their cure.

The cast that acts "Sundown Beach" is generally attractive, sympathetic and talented. These new actors provide sound "material" for the theatre, and they give the gratifying impression of being good people. They are the best side of "Sundown Beach," but the nature of the play tends to tie them up. They are obliged—in part because of the director's eagerness to make a show out of the congested script—to press too hard on the physical aspects of their youth and sincerity. A young person should not have to strive to prove his youth. When he does, he no longer seems young.

The earlier question of whether "Sundown Beach" merits public approval has become academic. Word has just come to me that the play is to be withdrawn after seven performances.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES: Fall Imports

THERE ARE THOSE who complain of Sacha Guitry's style that there is too much ham in it, which is very much like objecting to sea food because it tastes fishy. Guitry is probably the most egocentric, the most mischievous, the least high-minded actor of international repute today. He cares not a sou for credibility; he would much rather show you how he makes up for a part than play the part for you. He does not act; he is the charming M. Guitry playing at acting.

This is an open breach of the magician's code of honor, it is pure ham, it would probably become insufferable in frequent doses. The fact is that in such occasional doses as we do get, the effect is exhilarating. Guitry will cheat the eyes out of your head, but he will so richly amuse you in the process that only the most righteous are apt to cry thief.

In "The Private Life of an Actor," Guitry recounts what purports to be the history of his father, Lucien, with special emphasis on the way in which his theatrical virtuosity abetted his amorous ambitions. I know nothing of the elder Guitry's career, but if this film has more than a glancing contact with the facts I should be surprised.

Guitry, of course, plays his father and, in the fullness of time, also appears as himself. Then somewhere toward the end Guitry *père et fils* change roles, and from that point on it is never clear which is papa and which little Sacha. Now this is no way for a serious actor to behave, and we are forced to conclude that Guitry is not very serious. Many old men enjoy scandalizing the youngsters, but, except for Shaw, I can think of none who does it as well as Guitry.

The French producers of "The Room Upstairs" deserve some credit for the daring imagination that led them to cast Marlene Dietrich as an emigrant from Australia. Probably the French public can detect foreign overtones in Dietrich's accent, so the script had to give her a foreign birthplace. But Australia!

Other than that, the film, which co-stars Jean Gabin, is a shoddy bit of big-name salesmanship. The story gives Dietrich a chance to show her legs and Gabin a chance to strangle her. Both of them go through the act with the weary indifference of sideshow freaks displaying their peculiarities. Neither Dietrich nor Gabin is in the first vigor of youth, and this tired little script is cruel punishment for them.

The new film from Germany, "Marriage in the Shadows," is far from being a well-written or well-acted picture, and it demonstrates once more the German predilection for emotional extravagance that both amuses and frightens non-Teutonic audiences. Nevertheless, it fits in with the other films we have had from Berlin to form part of an engrossing mosaic.

There seems to be a clear pattern of progress in the three German films that have been released here, but this development may be more apparent than real. For one thing, I'm not certain that they have been shown to us in the order of their completion, and it is more than probable that they represent viewpoints enjoying simultaneous currency in the German movie studios.

"Razzia," which appeared first, was a thriller based on black-market racketeering. It raised no moral problem other than the obvious one that profiteering in scarce commodities is wicked; it dealt with criminals, not with Germans, and its purpose was to entertain. Technically, it is the best of the three.

"The Murderer Among Us" took upon itself the problem of national guilt, but solved it in a way more discouraging than no discussion at all. It set up a new scapegoat—the Nazi sadist—and proceeded to unload the people's conscience upon him. This was the old argument our troops first heard when they talked with the townspeople of Dachau. The title itself was a giveaway.

With "Marriage in the Shadows" the discussion takes a big step forward. It contains that type most embarrassing to the Germans, the good Nazi. It is he who begins by saying you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs and ends by protesting that if it weren't for him things would be much worse. He commits atrocities in the name of moderation, and excuses obscenity on the grounds of expediency. He is a terrible man—more terrible, I think, than Goering or Himmler, and much more prevalent.

The story of "Marriage in the Shadows" is based on the true history of a famous theatrical couple, the Gottschalks, who contracted and maintained their "mixed" marriage in the face of the Nuremberg laws. They

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were trapped in the end and they fled into suicide with Wagnerian trimmings. As presented on the screen, this conclusion is a solution only in the German sense, but along the way to the end the film makes valid comments. It considers the consequences of indifference, it shows the results of cowardice, it proves once more that there can be no moderation in murder, and that no man may escape responsibility for acts committed in his name.

None of this may seem very profound to audiences not raised on Hitlerian logic, but this film was made by Germans for Germans, and as such it is more than momentarily interesting.

The actors in "Marriage in the Shadows," I regret to say, are not good. They display their roles but they do not inhabit them, and this gives a didactic quality to a story that could have made the most powerful human appeal.

There is just one exception—Alfred Balthoff plays a gentle Jewish actor and intellectual with a restrained conviction that strikes to the heart. As always happens when a fine actor finds himself in lesser company, he impresses himself upon the story far more deeply than the story permits, but in this case the distortion is fortunate, for Balthoff brings conviction to a stilted production.

All the German films here mentioned were produced in the Russian sector of Berlin. I have accordingly examined them for propaganda and special pleading. I have found none: it seems on the evidence that, in the studios at least, the Germans are being allowed to work out the job of rehabilitation in their own way.

"The Loves of Carmen" is said to be adapted from Mérimée's novel; it looks more as though it might have been based on a Norman Douglas limerick. If you are susceptible to Rita Hayworth, she is available here in intoxicating draughts. There is very little else—not even a bull fight, which seems incredible until you remember the Breen Office. ROBERT HATCH

BANDWAGON

Permanent Flux

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AS CRISIS BECOMES ROUTINE
– *Headline in the Cincinnati* Enquirer.

Cheek of Tan

After he finished, about a dozen eggs sailed from the crowd toward Mooney [Progressive Party campaign chairman of Alabama]. None hit him. Police started to arrest a boy, but he said he didn't know he wasn't supposed to throw eggs. He was not arrested. – *From the Montgomery* Advertiser.

Happy Days!

Meanwhile, the prospect that negotiations with Russia will be protracted and difficult—that we will continue to rearm—is a definite cushion against any nearby contraction in business comparable to 1920-21. – *From the Madison, Wisconsin,* State Journal.

Through Red-Colored Glasses

Budenz asserts that [if Wallace were elected President] J. Edgar Hoover would be charged with involvement in an anti-Wallace plot and would be replaced as head of the FBI by a Communist. A Sovietized FBI or Secret Service, Budenz says, would discover a conspiracy involving such prominent Americans as Thomas E. Dewey, Harry S. Truman, Herbert Hoover or General Dwight Eisenhower. – *From a feature story in the New York* Sun.

Short but Sweet

Men 17 to 30. Worried about your future? Join the Navy and you'll never have to skimp and save for your old age. – *From an advertisement in the New York* Times.

Free-for-all

COLUMBIA TO TEST
THE LOVES OF CARMEN
– *Headline on an advertisement in the* Film Daily.

"Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark"

The ornithology group of Purdue Women's Club will meet Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in Room 302 of the Union Building. The program on "Songs of Birds," will be given by Mrs. R. Whistler. – *From the Lafayette, Indiana,* Journal and Courier.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. – The Editors

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CORRESPONDENCE

Seattle Red Scare

SIR: I wish to comment on the article, "Witch-Hunt in the Northwest," which appeared in the August 9 issue of the *New Republic*, a copy of which was sent to me in my capacity as president of the University of Washington Chapter of the American Association of University Professors.

Your correspondent is guilty of serious and repeated misstatement of fact regarding the State Un-American Activities Committee (the Canwell Committee), the University administration, and the American Association of University Professors. . . .

Your correspondent sets the stage by asserting that "the committee began by charging that 150 members of the university faculty were Communists or Communist sympathizers. Then it set out to substantiate the charge." Although this charge was made on his own responsibility by one member of the committee (according to the newspapers), it was promptly repudiated by Chairman Canwell. . . .

The article states that "the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors is standing by the men the university has failed to defend." It is hardly possible for the president of a state university to interfere with a legitimate investigation by the state legislature. Whether or not the Canwell investigation is legitimate must be determined by the courts and cannot be settled on an *ad hoc* basis by the university president. The president, therefore, cannot be accused of failing to defend his faculty unless, in the future, he ignores the prescribed safeguards which surround academic freedom. Up to the present date he has not done this. The AAUP will not intervene unless he should do this.

Your article proceeds: "It has warned the university that if any faculty member is fired for reasons outside the tenure code . . . the AAUP will blacklist the university." The statement that the local chapter has "warned" the university is quite misleading. The president has long understood the AAUP policy.

The chapter issued a statement of that policy to the press, not as a "warning" to the administration, but as information to the general public. . . . Also, the local chapter could neither warn nor threaten. Under the rules of the AAUP, any charge that the principles of academic freedom have been violated would be investigated by a committee of the national organization. The local Chapter is on the side lines. It is now and would continue to be a non-participant.

Further, the AAUP does not, in any case, "blacklist" any "university." If, after thorough investigation, the committee of the national organization finds a violation of the principles of academic freedom, it would place the administration of the relevant university on a *censured* list. Censuring is not blacklisting, as must be apparent from the terminology without elaboration. And it would not be the university as such which would be censured, it would be the administration of that institution—a very significant difference.

In spite of my office in the local chapter of the AAUP, I am writing this communication on my personal responsibility. Needless to say, most of the members of the university faculty are unhappy about various features of the legislative investigation. However, we find no solace in so distorted an article as yours. . . .

WILLIAM S. HOPKINS,
Professor of Economics,
University of Washington
Seattle, Wash.

Down with Carson!

SIR: Saul Carson, your radio editor doubling as political hatchetman or vice versa, in his discussion of the ABC documentary on communism demonstrates, it seems to me, the intellectual disease which his brand of liberalism has caught from the Communists of arguing guilt by amalgam. In not one case has he argued whether the facts presented by Morton Wishengrad's script are false. Apparently the problem is not to be settled in terms of the facts but with a specious Alice in Wallaceland logic that abrogates [sic] to itself all the good in the world and to "the other side" all the evil. . . .

For self-righteous smugness, Mr. Carson can take the award of the week which is to go soak his own [head].

New York City DANIEL BELL

The T-H Act

SIR: I read with interest the analysis and full review of the operation of the Taft-Hartley law during the year it has

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been in effect. Your analysis of the law is sound, thoroughly justifiable and in my opinion absolutely correct. . . .

WILLIAM GREEN, President,
American Federation of Labor
Washington, D. C.

SIR: The *New Republic* is to be complimented on its issue of August 30 dealing with the Taft-Hartley law. This issue is an important contribution to the literature on this subject. . . .

The review of our experience under one year of the Taft-Hartley law, made in the *New Republic*, clearly shows that this law should be repealed forthwith. We should return to the salutary principles of the Wagner Act and the Norris-LaGuardia Act. Certainly we do not require additional proof of the truth of the statement made by President Truman in his radio address after vetoing the bill. He said, "It is bad for labor, bad for management and bad for the country."

ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG,
General Counsel, CIO
Washington, D. C.

China and the US

SIR: We are a group of both Chinese and American students from different universities throughout the United States. We were employed at a factory which is manufacturing arms, and some of us were working in the 50-caliber ammunition shop. It became a source of anxiety to us when it was discovered from the authorities that this ammunition which we were directly helping to manufacture was sent to the Kuomintang government of China.

We gradually began to feel that we were not being true to ourselves by continuing to work in a factory which manufactured ammunition which eventually killed the Chinese people. Consequently, the moral conviction of a number of us forced us, after careful consideration, to quit our jobs. The decision has been fortified by the wholehearted support of the rest of the group. However, some felt that continued contact with those in the shop would also further the cause. So they stayed on their jobs to explain our action to our fellow workers.

We have come to realize that the struggle in China does not lie between two political parties, but is a struggle of the people for freedom and democracy. Any demonstration by students, small merchants, workers and some industrialists is branded as communistic action, although they have no affiliation with the Communist Party. . . .

United States military aid to China does not help to spread democracy but helps to keep a fascist-like dictatorship in power. . . . In fact, the intervention of the United States Government prolongs the civil war, for much of the Communist war supplies are obtained from captured Kuomintang outfits as well as bribed Kuomintang officials. American arms are thus being used on both sides to help Chinese kill Chinese!

Is this an example of the democratic principles and Christian brotherhood in which we believe? The Chinese people believe that a democratic coalition government is the best solution, a government in which all classes and parties would be represented. Therefore, we oppose the policy of any American military intervention in China.

We feel that this is a vital question for the American people to think about. Every US-stamped bullet will create an everlasting hatred in the hearts of the Chinese people who are now being suppressed in a bitter struggle for democracy and freedom.

ERIC KOO
PENNY STILLMAN
LOUISE OSTERGREN
EDWARD SHAW
LILLIAN FRICKE
SALLY CAHILL
MAY WONG
LUCY CHUNG
BETTY WATSON
NGUYM VAN LE
HSIAO-CHUN TANG
CHENTUNG YEN
New Haven, Conn.

Legal Discrimination

SIR: With civil rights an important issue in the presidential campaign, this seems a good time to examine local reactions to the recent ruling of the US Supreme Court against restrictive racial covenants.

In this district, also in Hollywood, Beverly Hills and throughout Los Angeles, new covenants have been drawn up to prevent sales to Negroes.

One evening, four weeks ago, two officials of a local real-estate "improvement" association called to ask for my signature to such a contract. I said I believed these restrictions to be illegal. They said I was mistaken. "The restrictions are still legal," they explained. "Only the government won't let you evict Negroes any more. But the way we figure it, if anybody sells to a Negro, we'll sue him for damages!" When I looked baffled, one of them said, "Well, how'd you like to live next door to a nigger? We can sue for damages because the property depreciates."

Whether or not such a suit is legally feasible is not the point. The law is evaded and racial restrictions will continue as long as house owners are intimidated by the *threat* of such a suit. . . . Let's be mature Americans, able to live together in good will.

DOROTHEA STEELE
Los Angeles, Calif.

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MACDOUGALL: HIS POLICY

In the New Republic for June 28, Paul Douglas, Democratic senatorial candidate in Illinois, presented a statement of his political philosophy. In this issue, Curtis D. MacDougall, Progressive Party candidate for the Senate, answers Douglas and gives his own views. Since his statement was written, the Illinois Electoral Board has ruled the Progressive Party off the ballot as regards statewide and national offices, though it can still run local candidates in Cook County (the NR, September 13). Any Illinois voter of course can write in the name of MacDougall if he wishes. The party is planning to contest in the courts the decision of the Electoral Board.

I AM RUNNING for US Senator on the Progressive Party ticket so that the voters of Illinois will not be confined to a choice between (1) blind isolationism, represented by the incumbent, Republican Senator C. Wayland Brooks, and (2) power politics, advocated by the Democratic candidate, Professor Paul Douglas.

My candidacy will not split the liberal vote. Quite the contrary. All but die-hard Republicans recognize that Brooks is out of step and behind the times. It is impossible to support both Dewey for President and Brooks for Senator, because their brands of reaction are poles apart. Liberal Republicans, however, cannot vote for the decadent Democratic machine.

Liberal Democrats cannot support a candidate who accepts—lock, stock and barrel—the bumbling policies of Harry Truman.

Douglas has been taken in by the same kind of Red smoke screen with which Goebbels fooled the democratic-minded people of Germany and the British and French Cliveden sets.

The "get-tough" policy which Douglas and Truman favor can lead only to annihilating, atomic war. Only a return to the good-neighbor, live-and-let-live policy of FDR can prevent it.

It is not true that an international relief and rehabilitation program through the UN is impossible. It was the United States that killed UNRRA, of which even Truman said, in March, 1946: "In UNRRA the United Nations have created the first international agency through which to test and perfect our powers of coöperation."

For more than a year before Marshall was invited to Harvard, Henry Wallace was advocating aid for all war-devastated countries. The danger of ERP is that it is obviously political, not humanitarian, in purpose.

Much of Douglas' statement reads like a typical political platform: strong in endorsement of liberal ideals but weak on specific proposals. For instance, he opposes inflation but suggests only brakes on bank credit. More importantly, we need a vigorous attack on our huge national debt through a realistic federal tax program based on ability to pay. This means repeal of the 80th Congress' tax bill, which was a sop to the rich. It also means drastic reduction of armaments expenditures.

Douglas would subsidize the building industry and clear slums. He ignores the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill and low-cost public housing, which I favor. He is for social-security extension in principle, but again is not specific. I favor extending it to everyone and increasing the average unemployment compensation from $15 to $25 per week.

I am also for federal aid to education and hospital care. In addition, I favor higher teachers' salaries, an

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end to Jim Crow in schools through control of federal funds, and a national health-insurance program as provided in the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill. I favor complete repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, on which Douglas has made numerous contradictory statements. I favor raising the minimum wage to $1 per hour and am for a permanent FEPC. To restore free competition, I am for rigid enforcement of anti-trust laws, with adequate funds for the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department. I oppose attempts by insurance companies and other interests to obtain exemption from those laws.

I am for federal control of tidelands; I defend the Federal Trade Commission against the current attacks on it; I favor repeal of the recently passed Reed-Bulwinkle Act crippling the Interstate Commerce Commission. To preserve natural resources, I not only endorse Douglas' generalization but also oppose attacks on the TVA and all attempts to place it under political control. I favor a Missouri Valley Authority and the St. Lawrence Waterway.

In numerous public statements, Douglas has proved himself a leading Red-baiter. He defends the "domestic Truman doctrine"—Executive Order 9835, which established the loyalty boards and has resulted in the discharge of hundreds of federal employees without a hearing, knowledge of the charges or even of the identity of the accusers. In his statement he ignores the iniquitous Mundt-Nixon bill.

It was the Truman order—logical aftermath of the Truman Doctrine—which aided and abetted the current, frightening, phony Red scare and has meant the intimidation of government employees, professors and people in all other walks of life. After the Thomas committee investigation of Hollywood, the great Nobel prize-winning exile from fascist Germany, Thomas Mann, declared, in essence: "I have lived through this before; this is the way Hitler started." Instead of fighting this initiation of the police state, Douglas makes rousing Red-baiting speeches.

This attitude alone would make it impossible for Wallace supporters to endorse Douglas. They sound strange from the author of *The Coming of a New Party* (Whittlesey House, 1932), who advised readers of the *New Republic*, in its issue of October 24, 1928, "to build through the years an independent and aggressive political party and not to run constantly from one of the old parties to the other for those short-run gains which are generally illusory," and who wrote in the *World Tomorrow*, of which he was editor, in its issue of September 28, 1933:

One can detect some social usefulness on the part of the Republicans in their maintenance of the conservative point of view. We need one conservative party, but we do not need and should not long endure having two such parties. The Democratic Party is the chief obstacle in the way of a third party of farmers, wage earners and white-collar workers developing on American soil, and its destruction would be one of the best things that could happen in our political life.

For twelve years FDR postponed the inevitable by making the Democratic Party liberal, much against the wishes of many of its leaders. Today the two major parties brag of their bipartisan abandonment of FDR's policies. The Old Guard is back in control in both parties. Without the opportunity provided by the Progressive Party, millions would be disfranchised. Our program is the good neighborliness and collective security advocated by FDR, and a Renewed Deal at home. If the American people repudiate that program, the mistake will be more costly than that of a generation ago when we repudiated Woodrow Wilson.

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